PRÆTERITA

OUTLINES OF SCENES AND THOUGHTS
PERHAPS WORTHY OF MEMORY
IN MY PAST LIFE

Præterita

VOL. II

By

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WITH TWO ILLUSTRATIONS

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[NOTE.—*The Tables of Contents which are now added to this edition of "Præterita" have been prepared by the compiler of the Index. The dates at the head of each chapter are those with which the chapter mainly deals, although other topics, referring to later years, are often included in the same chapter.*]

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PRÆTERITA.

CHAPTER I.

OF AGE.

1. THIS second volume must, I fear, be less pleasing to the general reader, with whom the first has found more favour than I had hoped,—not because I tire of talking, but that the talk must be less of other persons, and more of myself. For as I look deeper into the mirror, I find myself a more curious person than I had thought. I used to fancy that everybody would like clouds and rocks as well as I did, if once told to look at them; whereas, after fifty years of trial, I find that is not so, even in modern days; having long ago known that, in ancient ones, the clouds and mountains which have been life to me, were mere inconvenience and horror to most of mankind

2. I related, in the first volume, page 129, some small part of my pleasures under St. Vincent's rock at Clifton, and the beginning of quartz-study there with the now No. 51 of the Brantwood series. Compare with these childish sentiments, those of the maturely judging John Evelyn, at the same place, 30th June, 1654:—

'The city' (Bristol) 'wholly mercantile, as standing neere the famous Severne, commodiously for Ireland and the Western world. Here I first saw the manner of refining suggar, and casting it into loaves, where we had a collation of eggs fried in the suggar furnace,* together with excellent Spanish wine: but what appeared most stupendious to me, was the rock of St. Vincent, a little distance from y^e^ towne, the precipice whereoft is equal to anything of that nature I have seen in y^e^ most confragose cataracts of the Alpes, the river gliding between them at an extraordinary depth. Here we went searching for

* Note (by Evelyn's editor in 1827): 'A kind of entertainment like that we now have of eating beefsteaks drest on the stoker's shovel, and drinking porter at the famous brewhouses in London.'

diamonds, and to the Hot Wells at its foote. There is also on the side of this horrid Alp a very romantic seate: and so we returned to Bathe in the evening.'

3. Of course Evelyn uses the word 'horrid' only in its Latin sense; but his mind is evidently relieved by returning to Bath; and although, farther on, he describes without alarm the towne and county of Nottingham as 'seeming to be but one entire rock, as it were,' he explains his toleration of that structure in the close of his sentence—'an exceeding pleasant shire, full of gentry.' Of his impressions of the 'stupendious' rocks of Fontainebleau, and ungentle people of the Simplon, I have to speak in another place.

In these and many other such particulars I find the typical English mind, both then and now, so adverse to my own, as also to those of my few companions through the sorrows of this world, that it becomes for me a matter of acute Darwinian interest to trace my species from origin to extinction: and I have, therefore, to warn the reader, and ask his pardon, that while a modest person writes his autobiography chiefly by giving

accounts of the people he has met, I find it only possible, within my planned limits, to take note of those who have had distinct power in the training or the pruning of little me to any good.

4. I return first to my true master in mathematics, poor Mr. Rowbotham. Of course he missed his Herne Hill evenings sadly when I went to Oxford. But always, when we came home, it was understood that *once* in the fortnight, or so, as he felt himself able, he should still toil up the hill to tea. We were always sorry to see him at the gate; but felt that it was our clear small duty to put up with his sighing for an hour or two in such rest as his woful life could find. Nor were we without some real affection for him. His face had a certain grandeur, from its constancy of patience, bewildered innocence, and firm lines of faculty in geometric sort. Also he brought us news from the mathematical and grammatical world, and told us some interesting details of manufacture, if he had been on a visit to his friend Mr. Crawshay. His own home became yearly more wretched, till one day its little ten-years-old Peepy

choked himself with his teetotum. The father told us, with real sorrow, the stages of the child's protracted suffering before he died; but observed, finally, that it was better he should have been taken away,—both for him and his parents. Evidently the poor mathematical mind was relieved from one of its least soluble burdens, and the sad face, that evening, had an expression of more than usual repose.

I never forgot the lesson it taught me of what human life meant in the suburbs of London.

5. The rigidly moral muse of Mr. Pringle had by this time gone to Africa, or, let us hope, Arabia Felix, in the other world; and the reins of my poetical genius had been given into the hand of kindly Mr. W. H. Harrison in the Vauxhall Road, of whom account has already been given in the first chapter of 'On the Old Road' enough to carry us on for the present.

I must next bring up to time the history of my father's affectionate physician, Dr Grant. Increasing steadily in reputation, he married a widowed lady, Mrs. Sidney, of good position in Richmond; and became the guardian of her

two extremely nice and clever daughters, Augusta and Emma, who both felt great respect, and soon great regard, for their stepfather, and were every day more dutiful and pleasing children to him. Estimating my mother's character also as they ought, later on, they were familiar visitors to us; the younger, Emma, having good taste for drawing, and other quiet accomplishments and pursuits. At the time I am now looking back to, however, the Star and Garter breakfasts had become rarer, and were connected mostly with visits to Hampton Court, where the great vine, and the maze, were of thrilling attraction to me; and the Cartoons began to take the aspect of mild nightmare and nuisance which they have ever since retained.

My runs with cousin Mary in the maze, (once, as in Dantesque alleys of lucent verdure in the Moon, with Adèle and Elise,) always had something of an enchanted and Faery-Queen glamour in them: and I went on designing more and more complicated mazes in the blank leaves of my lesson books—wasting, I suppose, nearly as much time that way as in the trisection of the angle. Howbeit,

afterwards, the coins of Cnossus, and characters of Dædalus, Theseus, and the Minotaur, became intelligible to me as to few: and I have much unprinted MSS. about them, intended for expansion in 'Ariadne Florentina,' and other labyrinthine volumes, but which the world must get on now without the benefit of, as it can.

6. Meantime, from the Grove, whitehaired mamma Monro, and silvery-fringed Petite, had gone to their rest. Mrs. Gray cared no longer for the pride of her house, or shade of her avenue; while more and more, Mr. Gray's devotion to Don Quixote, and to my poetry in 'Friendship's Offering,' interfered with his business habits. At last it was thought that, being true Scots both of them, they might better prosper over the Border. They went to Glasgow, where Mr. Gray took up some sort of a wine business, and read Rob Roy instead of Don Quixote. We went to Glasgow to see them, on our Scottish tour, and sorrowfully perceived them to be going downwards, even in their Scottish world. For a little change, they were asked to Oxford that autumn, to see their spoiled Johnnie

carrying all before him: and the good couple being seated in Christ Church Cathedral under the organ, and seeing me walk in with my companions in our silken sleeves, and with accompanying flourishes by Mr. Marshall on the trumpet stop, and Rembrandtesque effects of candlelight upon the Norman columns, were both of them melted into tears; and remained speechless with reverent delight all the evening afterwards.

7. I have left too long without word the continual benevolence towards us of the family at Widmore, Mr. Telford and his three sisters; the latter absolutely well-educated women—wise, without either severity or ostentation, using all they knew for the good of their neighbours, and exhibiting in their own lives every joy of sisterly love and active homeliness. Mr. Henry Telford's perfectly quiet, slightly melancholy, exquisitely sensitive face, browned by continual riding from Bromley to Billiter Street, remains with me, among the most precious of the pictures which, unseen of any guest, hang on the walls of my refectory.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cockburn, as the

years drew on, became more and more kindly, but less and less approvingly, interested in our monastic ways at Herne Hill; and in my partly thwarted and uncomfortable, partly singular, development of literary character. Mrs. Cockburn took earnest pains with my mother to get her to send me more into society, that I might be licked a little into shape. But my mother was satisfied with me as I was: and besides, Mrs. Cockburn and she never got quite well on together. My mother, according to her established manner, would no more dine with her than with any one else, and was even careless in returning calls; and Mrs. Cockburn—which was wonderful in a woman of so much sense—instead of being merely sorry for my mother's shyness, and trying to efface her sense of inferiority in education and position, took this somewhat in pique. But among the fateful chances of my own life in her endeavours to do something for me, and somehow break the shell of me, she one day asked me to dine with Lockhart, and see his little harebell-like daintiness of a daughter. I suppose Mrs. Cockburn must have told him

of my love of Scott, yet I do not remember manifesting that sentiment in any wise during dinner: I recollect only, over the wine, making some small effort to display my Oxonian orthodoxy and sound learning, with respect to the principles of Church Establishment; and being surprised, and somewhat discomfited, by finding that Mr. Lockhart knew the Greek for 'bishop' and 'elder' as well as I did. On going into the drawing-room, however, I made every effort to ingratiate myself with the little dark-eyed, high-foreheaded Charlotte, and was very sorry,—but I don't think the child was,—when she was sent to bed.

8. But the most happy turn of Fortune's wheel for me, in this year '39, was the coming of Osborne Gordon to Herne Hill to be my private tutor, and read with me in our little nursery. Taking up the ravelled ends of yet workable and spinnable flax in me, he began to twist them, at first through much wholesome pain, into such tenor as they were really capable of.

The first thing he did was to stop all pressure in reading. His inaugural sentence

was, 'When you have got too much to do, don't do it,'—a golden saying which I have often repeated since, but not enough obeyed.

To Gordon himself, his own proverb was less serviceable. He was a man of quite exceptional power, and there is no saying what he might have done, with any strong motive. Very early, a keen, though entirely benevolent, sense of the absurdity of the world took away his heart in working for it: —perhaps I should rather have said, the density and unmalleability of the world, than absurdity. He thought there was nothing to be done with it, and that after all it would get on by itself. Chiefly, that autumn, in our walks over the Norwood hills, he, being then an ordained, or on the point of being ordained, priest, surprised me greatly by avoiding, evidently with the sense of its being useless bother, my favourite topic of conversation, namely, the torpor of the Protestant churches, and their duty, as it to me appeared, before any thought of missionary work, out of Europe, or comfortable settling to pastoral work at home, to trample finally out the smouldering 'diabolic fire' of the Papacy, in

all Papal-Catholic lands. For I was then by training, thinking, and the teaching of such small experience as I had, as zealous, pugnacious, and self-sure a Protestant as you please. The first condition of my being so was, of course, total ignorance of Christian history; the second,—one for which the Roman Church is indeed guiltily responsible,—that all the Catholic Cantons of Switzerland, counting Savoy also as a main point of Alpine territory, are idle and dirty, and all Protestant ones busy and clean—a most impressive fact to my evangelical mother, whose first duty and first luxury of life consisted in purity of person and surroundings; while she and my father alike looked on idleness as indisputably Satanic. They failed not, therefore, to look carefully on the map for the bridge, or gate, or vale, or ridge, which marked the separation of Protestant from the benighted Catholic cantons; and it was rare if the first or second field and cottage, beyond the border, did not too clearly justify their exulting,—though also indignant and partly sorrowful,—enforcement upon me of the natural consequences of Popery.

9. The third reason for my strength of feeling at this time was a curious one. In proportion to the delight I felt in the ceremonial of foreign churches, was my conviction of the falseness of religious sentiment founded on these enjoyments. I had no foolish scorn of them, as the proper expressions of the Catholic Faith; but infinite scorn of the lascivious sensibility which could change its beliefs because it delighted in these, and be 'piped into a new creed by the whine of an organ pipe.' So that alike my reason, and romantic pleasure, on the Continent, combined to make a better Protestant of me;—yet not a malicious nor ungenerous one. I never suspected Catholic priests of dishonesty, nor doubted the purity of the former Catholic Church. I was a Protestant Cavalier, not Protestant Roundhead,—entirely desirous of keeping all that was noble and traditional in religious ritual, and reverent to the existing piety of the Catholic peasantry. So that the 'diabolic fire' which I wanted trampled out, was only the corrupt Catholicism which rendered the vice of Paris and the dirt of Savoy possible; and which I was

quite right in thinking it the duty of every Christian priest to attack, and end the schism and scandal of it.

10. Osborne, on the contrary, was a practical Englishman, of the shrewdest, yet gentlest type; keenly perceptive of folly, but disposed to pardon most human failings as little more. His ambition was restricted to the walls of Christ Church; he was already the chiefly trusted aid of the old Dean; probably, next to him, the best Greek scholar in Oxford, and perfectly practised in all the college routine of business. He thought that the Church of England had—even in Oxford—enough to do in looking after her own faults; and addressed himself, in our conversations on Forest Hill, mainly to mollify my Protestant animosities, enlarge my small acquaintance with ecclesiastical history, and recall my attention to the immediate business in hand, of enjoying our walk, and recollecting what we had read in the morning.

In his proper work with me, no tutor could have been more diligent or patient. His own scholarly power was of the highest order; his memory (the necessary instrument

of great scholarship) errorless and effortless; his judgment and feeling in literature sound; his interpretation of political events always rational, and founded on wide detail of well-balanced knowledge; and all this without in the least priding himself on his classic power, or wishing to check any of my impulses in other directions. He had taken his double first with the half of his strength, and would have taken a triple one without priding himself on it: he was amused by my facility in rhyming, recognized my true instinct in painting, and sympathised with me in love of country life and picturesque towns, but always in a quieting and reposeful manner. Once in after life, provoked at finding myself still unable to read Greek easily, I intimated to him a half-formed purpose to throw everything else aside, for a time, and make myself a sound Greek scholar. 'I think it would give you more trouble than it is worth,' said he. Another time, as I was making the drawing of 'Chamouni in afternoon sunshine' for him, (now at his sister's,) I spoke of the constant vexation I suffered because I could not draw better. 'And I,' he said, simply,

'should be very content if I could draw at all.'

11. During Gordon's stay with us, this 1839 autumn, we got our second Turner drawing. Certainly the most curious failure of memory—among the many I find—is that I don't know when I *saw* my first! I feel as if Mr. Windus's parlour at Tottenham had been familiar to me since the dawn of existence in Brunswick Square.

Mr. Godfrey Windus was a retired coach-maker, living in a cheerful little villa, with low rooms on the ground floor opening pleasantly into each other, like a sort of grouped conservatory, between his front and back gardens: their walls beset, but not crowded, with Turner drawings of the England series; while in his portfolio-stands, coming there straight from the publishers of the books they illustrated, were the entire series of the illustrations to Scott, to Byron, to the South Coast, and to Finden's Bible.

Nobody, in all England, at that time,—and Turner was already sixty,—*cared*, in the true sense of the word, for Turner,

but the retired coachmaker of Tottenham, and I.

Nor, indeed, could the public ever see the drawings, so as to begin to care for them. Mr. Fawkes's were shut up at Farnley, Sir Peregrine Acland's, perishing of damp in his passages, and Mr. Windus bought all that were made for engravers as soon as the engraver had done with them. The advantage, however, of seeing them all collected at his house,—he gave an open day each week, and to me the run of his rooms at any time, —was, to the general student, inestimable, and, for me, the means of writing 'Modern Painters.'

12. It is, I think, noteworthy that, although first attracted to Turner by the mountain truth in Rogers' Italy,—when I saw the drawings, it was almost wholly the pure artistic quality that fascinated me, whatever the subject; so that I was not in the least hindered by the beauty of Mr. Windus's Llanberis or Melrose from being quite happy when my father at last gave me, not for a beginning of Turner collection, but for a specimen of Turner's work, which was all—

as it was supposed — I should ever need or aspire to possess, the 'Richmond Bridge, Surrey.'

The triumphant talk between us over it, when we brought it home, consisted, as I remember, greatly in commendation of the quantity of Turnerian subject and character which this single specimen united:—'it had trees, architecture, water, a lovely sky, and a clustered bouquet of brilliant figures.'

And verily the Surrey Richmond remained for at least two years our only Turner possession, and the second we bought, the Gosport, which came home when Gordon was staying with us, had still none of the delicate beauty of Turner except in its sky; nor were either my father or I the least offended by the ill-made bonnets of the lady-passengers in the cutter, nor by the helmsman's head being put on the wrong way.

The reader is not to think, because I speak thus frankly of Turner's faults, that I judge them greater, or know them better, now, than I did then. I knew them at this time of getting Richmond and Gosport just as

well as other people; but knew also the power shown through these faults, to a degree quite wonderful for a boy;—it being my chief recreation, after Greek or trigonometry in the nursery-study, to go down and feast on my Gosport.

13. And so, after Christmas, I went back to Oxford for the last push, in January 1840, and did very steady work with Gordon, in St. Aldate's;* the sense that I was coming of age somewhat increasing the feeling of responsibility for one's time. On my twenty-first birthday my father brought me for a present the drawing of Winchelsea,—a curious choice, and an unlucky one. The thundrous sky and broken white light of storm round the distant gate and scarcely visible church, were but too true symbols of the time that was coming upon us; but neither he nor I were given to reading omens, or dreading

* The street, named from its parish church, going down past Christ Church to the river It was the regular course of a gentleman-commoner's residence to be promoted from Peckwater to Tom Quad, and turned out into the street for his last term. I have no notion at this minute who St Aldate was;—American visitors may be advised that in Oxford it will be expected of them to call him St Old

them. I suppose he had been struck by the power of the drawing, and he always liked soldiers. I was disappointed, and saw for the first time clearly that my father's joy in Rubens and Sir Joshua could never become sentient of Turner's microscopic touch. But I was entirely grateful for his purpose, and very thankful to have any new Turner drawing whatsoever; and as at home the Gosport, so in St. Aldate's the Winchelsea, was the chief recreation of my fatigued hours.

14. This Turner gift, however, was only complimentary. The same day my father transferred into my name in the stocks as much as would bring in at least £200 a year, and watched with some anxiety the use I should make of this first command of money. Not that I had ever been under definite restriction about it: at Oxford I ran what accounts with the tradesmen I liked, and the bills were sent in to my mother weekly; there was never any difficulty or demur on either side, and there was nothing out of the common way in Oxford I wanted to buy, except the engraving of Turner's Grand Canal, for my room wall,—and Monsieur Jabot, the

first I ever saw of Topffer's rivalless caricatures, one day when I had a headache. For anything on which my state or comfort in the least depended, my father was more disposed to be extravagant than I; but he had always the most curious suspicion of my taste for minerals, and only the year before, in the summer term, was entirely vexed and discomfited at my giving eleven shillings for a piece of Cornish chalcedony. That I never thought of buying a mineral without telling him what I had paid for it, besides advising him duly of the fact, curiously marks the intimate confidence between us: but alas, my respect for his judgment was at this time by these littlenesses gradually diminished; and my confidence in my own painfully manifested to him a very little while after he had permitted me the above stated measure of independence. The Turner drawings hitherto bought,—Richmond, Gosport, Winchelsea,—were all supplied by Mr Griffiths, an agent in whom Turner had perfect confidence, and my father none. Both were fatally wrong. Had Turner dealt straight with my father, there is no saying how much happiness might

have come of it for all three of us; had my father not been always afraid of being taken in by Mr. Griffiths, he might at that time have bought some of the loveliest drawings that Turner ever made, at entirely fair prices. But Mr. Griffiths' art-salesmanship entirely offended my father from the first, and the best drawings were always let pass, because Mr. Griffiths recommended them, while Winchelsea and Gosport were both bought—among other reasons—because Mr. Griffiths said they were not drawings which we ought to have!

15. Among those of purest quality in his folios at this time was one I especially coveted, the Harlech. There had been a good deal of dealers' yea and nay about it, whether it was for sale or not; it was a smaller drawing than most of the England and Wales series, and there were many hints in the market about its being iniquitous in price. The private view day of the Old Water Colour came; and, arm in arm witl my father, I met Mr. Griffiths in the crowd After the proper five minutes of how we likei the exhibition, he turned specially to me. '

however, in the foolish diaries I began to write, soon after, of general disdain of life, and all that it could in future bestow on me, which seem inconsistent with extreme satisfaction in getting a water-colour drawing, sixteen inches by nine. But whatever germs of better things remained in me, were then all centred in this love of Turner. It was not a piece of painted paper, but a Welsh [illegible]le and village, and Snowdon in blue cloud,

me, because preceded by a curious sensation in the throat, and followed by a curious taste in the mouth, which I presently perceived to be that of blood. It must have been on a Saturday or Sunday evening, for my father, as well as my mother, was in the High Street lodgings. I walked round to them and told them what had happened.

17. My mother, an entirely skilled physician in all forms of consumptive disease, was not frightened, but sent round to the Deanery to ask leave for me to sleep out of my lodgings. Morning consultations ended in our going up to town, and town consultations in my being forbid any farther reading under pressure, and in the Dean's giving me, with many growls, permission to put off taking my degree for a year. During the month or two following, passed at Herne Hill, my father's disappointment at the end of his hopes of my obtaining distinction in Oxford was sorrowfully silenced by his anxiety for my life. Once or twice the short cough, and mouth-taste—it was no more—of blood, returned; but my mother steadily maintained there was nothing serious the matter, and that I only

wanted rest and fresh air. The doctors, almost unanimously,—Sir James Clarke excepted,—gave gloomier views. Sir James cheerfully, but decidedly, ordered me abroad before autumn, to be as much in open carriages as possible, and to winter in Italy.

And Mr. Telford consented to sit in the counting-house, and the clerks promised to be diligent; and my father, to whom the business was nothing, but for me, left his desk, and all other cares of life, but that of nursing me.

18. Of his own feelings, he said little; mine, in the sickly fermentation of temper I was in, were little deserving of utterance, describable indeed less as feelings than as the want of them, in all wholesome directions but one;—magnetic pointing to all presence of natural beauty, and to the poles of such art and science as interpreted it. My preparations for the journey were made with some renewal of spirit; my mother was steadily, bravely, habitually cheerful; while my father, capable to the utmost of every wise enjoyment in travelling, and most of all, of that in lovely landscape, had some personal joy in the

thought of seeing South Italy. The attacks of the throat cough seemed to have ceased, and the line of our journey began to be planned with some of the old exultation.

That we might not go through Paris, the route was arranged by Rouen and the Loire to Tours, then across France by Auvergne, and down the Rhone to Avignon; thence, by the Riviera and Florence, to the South.

19. "And is there to be no more Oxford?" asks Froude, a little reproachfully, in a recent letter concerning these memoranda; for he was at Oriel while I was at Christ Church, and does not think I have given an exhaustive view either of the studies or manners of the University in our day.

No, dear friend. I have no space in this story to describe the advantages I never used; nor does my own failure give me right to blame, even were there any use in blaming, a system now passed away. Oxford taught me as much Greek and Latin as she could; and though I think she might also have told me that fritillaries grew in Iffley meadow, it was better that she left me to find them for myself, than that she should have told me, as

nowadays she would, that the painting on them was only to amuse the midges. For the rest, the whole time I was there, my mind was simply in the state of a squash before 'tis a peascod,—and remained so yet a year or two afterwards, I grieve to say;—so that for any account of my real life, the gossip hitherto given to its codling or cocoon condition has brought us but a little way. I must get on to the days of opening sight, and effective labour; and to the scenes of nobler education which all men, who keep their hearts open, receive in the End of Days.

CHAPTER II.

ROME.

20. HOWEVER dearly bought, the permission to cease reading, and put what strength was left into my sketching again, gave healthy stimulus to all faculties which had been latently progressive in me; and the sketch-books and rulers were prepared for this journey on hitherto unexampled stateliness of system.

It had chanced, in the spring of the year, that David Roberts had brought home and exhibited his sketches in Egypt and the Holy Land. They were the first studies ever made conscientiously by an English painter, not to exhibit his own skill, or make capital out of his subjects, but to give true portraiture of scenes of historical and religious interest. They were faithful and laborious beyond any outlines from nature I had ever seen, and I felt also that their severely restricted method

was within reach of my own skill, and applicable to all my own purposes.

With Roberts' deficiencies or mannerism I have here no concern. He taught me, of absolute good, the use of the fine point instead of the blunt one; attention and indefatigable correctness in detail; and the simplest means of expressing ordinary light and shade on grey ground, flat wash for the full shadows, and heightening of the gradated lights by warm white.

21. I tried these adopted principles first in the courtyard of the Chateau de Blois: and came in to papa and mamma declaring that 'Prout would give his ears to make such a drawing as that.'

With some truth and modesty, I might have said he 'would have changed eyes with me;' for Prout's manner was gravely restricted by his nearness of sight. But also this Blois sketch showed some dawning notions of grace in proportion, and largeness of effect, which enabled me for the first time that year, to render continental subjects with just expression of their character and scale, and well-rounded solidification of pillars and sculpture.

And then, for the first time, at Frejus, and on the Esterelle and the Western Riviera, I saw some initial letters of Italy, as distinct from Lombardy,—Italy of the stone pine and orange and palm, white villa and blue sea; and saw it with right judgment, as a wreck, and a viciously neglected one.

23. I don't think the reader has yet been informed that I inherited to the full my mother's love of tidiness and cleanliness; so that quite one of the most poetical charms of Switzerland to me, next to her white snows, was her white sleeves. Also I had my father's love of solidity and soundness,—of unveneered, unrouged, and well finished things; and here on the Riviera there were lemons and palms, yes,—but the lemons pale, and mostly skin; the palms not much larger than parasols; the sea—blue, yes, but its beach nasty; the buildings, pompous, luxurious, painted like Grimaldi,—usually broken down at the ends, and in the middle, having sham architraves daubed over windows with no glass in them; the rocks shaly and ragged, the people filthy: and over everything, a coat of plaster dust.

I was in a bad humour? Yes, but everything I have described is as I say, for all that; and though the last time I was at Sestri *I* wanted to stay there, the ladies with me wouldn't and couldn't, because of the filth of the inn; and the last time I was at Genoa, 1882, my walk round the ramparts was only to study what uglinesses of plants liked to grow in dust, and crawl, like the lizards, into clefts of ruin.

24. At Genoa I saw then for the first time the circular Pieta by Michael Angelo, which was my initiation in all Italian art. For at this time I understood no jot of Italian painting, but only Rubens, Vandyke, and Velasquez. At Genoa, I did not even hunt down the Vandykes, but went into the confused frontage of the city at its port, (no traversing blank quay blocking out the sea, then,) and drew the crescent of houses round the harbour, borne on their ancient arches;—a noble subject, and one of the best sketches I ever made.

From Genoa, more happy journey by the Eastern Riviera began to restore my spring of heart. I am just in time, in writing these

memories, to catch the vision of the crossing Magra, in old time, and some of the other mountain streams of the two Rivieras.

It seems unbelievable to myself, as I set it down, but there were then only narrow mule bridges over the greater streams on either side of which were grouped the villages, where the river slackened behind its sea bar. Of course, in the large towns, Albenga, Savona, Ventimiglia, and so on, there were proper bridges; but at the intermediate hamlets (and the torrents round whose embouchures they grew were often formidable), the country people trusted to the slack of the water at the bar, and its frequent failure altogether in summer, for traverse of their own carrioles: and had neither mind nor means to build Waterloo bridges for the convenience of English carriages and four. The English carriage got across the shingle how it could; the boys of the village, if the horses could not pull it through, harnessed themselves in front; and in windy weather, with deep water on the inside of the bar, and blue breakers on the other, one really began sometimes to think of the slackening wheels of Pharaoh.

25. It chanced that there were two days of rain as we passed the Western Riviera; there was a hot night at Albenga before they came on, and my father wrote—which was extremely wrong of him—a parody of 'Woe is me, Alhama,' the refrain being instead, 'Woe is me, Albenga'; the Moorish minarets of the old town and its Saracen legends, I suppose, having brought '*the Moorish King rode up and down*' into his head. Then the rain, with wild *sirocco, came* on; and somewhere near Savona there *was* a pause at the brink of one of the *streams*, in rather angry flood, and some *question if* the carriage could get through. *Loaded, it* could not, and everybody was *ordered to* get out and be carried across, the *carriage* to follow, in such shifts as it might. *Every-*

any solicitation;—if they could pull the carriage through, they could pull her too, she said. My father was alike alarmed and angry, but as the surrounding opera corps de ballet seemed to look on the whole thing rather as a jest and an occasion for bajocco gathering, than any crisis of fate, my mother had her way; a good team of bare-legged youngsters was put to, and she and the carriage entered the stream with shouting. Two-thirds through, the sand was soft, and horses and boys stopped to breathe. There was another, and really now serious, remonstrance with my mother, we being all nervous about quicksands, as if it had been the middle of Lancaster Bay. But stir *she would not; the horses got their wind* again, and the boys their way, and with much whip cracking and splashing, carriage and dama Inglese were victoriously dragged to dry land, with general promotion of good will between the two nations.

26. Of the passage of Magra, a day or two afterwards, my memory is vague as its own waves. There were all sorts of paths across the tract of troubled shingle, and I was thinking of the Carrara mountains beyond, all the

while. Most of the streams fordable easily enough; a plank or two, loosely propped with a heap of stones, for pier and buttress, replaced after every storm, served the foot passenger. The main stream could neither be bridged nor forded, but was clumsily ferried, and at one place my mother had no choice really but between wading or being carried. She suffered the indignity, I think with some feeling of its being a consequence of the French Revolution, and remained cross all the way to Carrara.

We were going on to Massa to sleep, but had time to stop and walk up the dazzling white road to the lower quarry, and even to look into one or two 'studios,'—beginnings of my fixed contempt for rooms so called, ever since. Nevertheless, partly in my father's sense of what was kind and proper to be done,—partly by way of buying 'a trifle from Matlock,'—and partly because he and I both liked the fancy of the group, we bought a two feet high 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' copied from I know not what (we supposed classic) original, and with as much art in it as usually goes to a French timepiece. It remained long

on a pedestal in the library at Denmark Hill, till it got smoked, and was put out of the way.

With the passage of the Magra, and the purchase of the Bacchus and Ariadne; to remain for a sort of monument of the two-feet high knowledge of classic art then possessed by me, ended the state of mind in which my notions of sculpture lay between Chantrey and Roubilliac. Across Magra I felt that I was in Italy proper; the next day we drove over the bridge of Serchio into Lucca.

27. I am wrong in saying I 'felt,' *then*, I was in Italy proper. It is only in looking back that I can mark the exact point where the tide began to turn for me; and total ignorance of what early Christian art meant, and of what living sculpture meant, were first pierced by vague wonder and embarrassed awe, at the new mystery round me. The effect of Lucca on me at this time is now quite confused with the far greater one in 1845. Not so that of the first sight of Pisa, where the solemnity and purity of its architecture impressed me deeply;—yet chiefly

in connection with Byron and Shelley. A masked brother of the Misericordia first met us in the cathedral of Lucca; but the possible occurrence of the dark figures in the open sunlight of the streets added greatly to the imaginative effect of Pisa on my then nervous and depressed fancy. I drew the Spina Chapel with the Ponte-a-Mare beyond, very usefully and well; but the languor of the muddy Arno as against Reuss, or Genevoise Rhone, made me suspect all past or future description of Italian rivers. Singularly, I never saw Arno in full flood till 1882, nor understood till then that all the rivers of Italy are mountain torrents. I am ashamed, myself, to read, but feel it an inevitable duty to print, the piece of diary which records my first impression of Florence.

28. 'November 13th, 1840. I have just been walking, or sauntering, in the square of the statues, the air perfectly balmy; and I shall not soon forget, I hope, the impression left by this square as it opened from the river, with the enormous mass of tower above,—or of the Duomo itself. I had not expected any mass of a church, rather something graceful,

like La Salute at Venice; and, luckily, coming on it at the south-east angle, where the gallery round the dome is complete, got nearly run over before I recovered from the stun of the effect. Not that it is good as architecture even in its own barbarous style. I cannot tell what to think of it; but the wealth of exterior marble is quite overwhelming, and the motion of magnificent figure in marble and bronze about the great square, thrilling.

'Nov. 15th. I still cannot make up my mind about this place, though my present feelings are of grievous disappointment. The galleries, which I walked through yesterday, are impressive enough; but I had as soon be in the British Museum, as far as enjoyment goes, except for the Raphaels. I can understand nothing else, and not much of *them*.'

29. At Florence then, this time, the Newgate-like palaces were rightly hateful to me; the old shop and market-streets rightly pleasant; the inside of the Duomo a horror, the outside a Chinese puzzle. All sacred art, —frescoes, tempera, what not, mere zero, as they were to the Italians themselves; the country round, dead wall and dusty olive;—

the whole, a provocation and weariness, except for one master, M. Angelo.

I saw at once in him that there was emotion and human life, more than in the Greeks; and a severity and meaning which were not in Rubens. Everybody about me swearing that Michael Angelo was the finest thing in the *world, I was extremely proud of being pleased* with him; confirmed greatly in my notion of my own infallibility, and with help of Rogers in the Lorenzo Chapel, and long sittings and standings about the Bacchus in the Uffizii, progressed greatly and vitally in Michael-Angelesque directions. But I at once pronounced the knife grinder in the Tribune a vulgar nuisance, as I do still; the Venus de Medicis, an uninteresting little person; Raphael's St. John, a piece of black bombast; and the Uffizii collection in general, an unbecoming medley, got together by people who knew nothing, and cared less than nothing,* about the arts. On the whole, when I last *walked through the Uffizii in 1882* I was precisely of the same opinion, and proud of

* That is, cared the wrong way,—liked them for their meanest skills, and worst uses.

having arrived at it so quickly. It was not to be expected of me at that time to like either Angelico or Botticelli; and if I had, the upper corridor of the Uffizii was an entirely vile and contemptible place wherein to see the great Madonna of the one, or the Venus Marina of the other. Both were then in the outer passage from the entrance to the Tribune.

These conclusions being comfortably arrived at, I sate myself down in the middle of the Ponte Vecchio, and made a very true and valuable sketch of the general perspective of its shops and the buildings beyond, looking towards the Duomo. I seem to have had time or will for no more in Florence; the Mercato Vecchio was too crowded to work in, and the carving of the Duomo could not be disengaged from its colour. Hopeful, but now somewhat doubtful, of finding things more to our mind in the south, we drove through the Porta Romana.

30. Siena, Radicofani, Viterbo, and the fourth day, Rome;—a gloomy journey, with gloomier rests. I had a bad weary headache at Siena; and the cathedral seemed to me every way absurd—over-cut, over-striped,

over-crocketed, over-gabled, a piece of costly confectionery, and faithless vanity. In the main it is so; the power of Siena was in her old cathedral, *her* Edward the Confessor's Westminster. Is the ruin of it yet spared?

The volcanic desert of Radicofani, with gathering storm, and an ominously Æolian keyhole in a vile inn, remained long to all of us a terrific memory. At Viterbo I was better, and made a sketch of the convent on one side of the square, rightly felt and done. On the fourth day papa and mamma observed with triumph, though much worried by the jolting, that every mile nearer Rome the road got worse!

31. My stock of Latin learning, with which to begin my studies of the city, consisted of the two first books of Livy, never well known, and the names of places remembered without ever looking where they were on a map; Juvenal, a page or two of Tacitus, and in Virgil the burning of Troy, the story of Dido, the episode of Euryalus, and the last battle. Of course, I had nominally read the whole Æneid, but thought most of it nonsense. Of later Roman history, I had read English

abstracts of the imperial vices, and supposed the malaria in the Campagna to be the consequence of the Papacy. I had never heard of a good Roman emperor, or a good pope; was not quite sure whether Trajan lived before Christ or after, and would have thanked, with a sense of relieved satisfaction, anybody who might have told me that Marcus Antoninus was a Roman philosopher contemporary with Socrates.

32. The first sight of St. Peter's dome, twenty miles away, was little more to any of us than the apparition of a grey milestone, announcing twenty miles yet of stony road before rest. The first sluggish reach of Tiber, with its mud shore and ochreous water, was a quite vile and saddening sight to me,—as compared with breezy tide of Thames, seen from Nanny Clowsley's. The Piazza del Popolo was as familiar to me, from paintings, as Cheapside, and much less interesting. We went, of course, to some hotel in the Piazza di Spagna, and I went to bed tired and sulky at finding myself in a big street of a big modern town, with nothing to draw, and no end of things to be bothered with. Next day,

waking refreshed, of course I said, 'I am in Rome,' after Mr. Rogers; and accompanied papa and mamma, with a tinge of curiosity, to St. Peter's.

Most people and books had told me I should be disappointed in its appearance of size. But I have not vainly boasted my habit and faculty of measuring magnitudes, and there was no question to me how big it was. The characters I was not prepared for were the clumsy dulness of the façade, and the entirely vile taste and vapid design of the interior. We walked round it, saw the mosaic copies of pictures we did not care for, the pompous tombs of people whose names we did not know, got out to the fresh air and fountains again with infinite sense of relief, and never again went near the place, any of us, except to hear music, or see processions and paraphernalia.

33. So we went home to lunch, and of course drove about the town in the afternoon, and saw the Forum, Coliseum, and so on. I had no distinct idea what the Forum was or ever had been, or how the three pillars, or the seven, were connected with it,

or the Arch of Severus, standing without any road underneath, or the ragged block of buildings above, with their tower of the commonest possible eighteenth century type. There was, however, one extreme good in all this, that I saw things, with whatever faculty was in me, exactly for what they were; and though my religious instruction, as aforesaid, led me to suppose the malaria in the Campagna was the consequence of the Papacy, that did not in the least affect my clear and invincible perception that the outline of Soracte was good, and the outlines of tufo and pozzolana foregrounds bad, whether it was Papal or Protestant pozzolana. What the Forum or Capitol had been, I did not in the least care; the pillars of the Forum I saw were on a small scale, and their capitals rudely carved, and the houses above them nothing like so interesting as the side of any close in the 'Auld toun' of Edinburgh.

34. Having ascertained these general facts about the city and its ruins, I had to begin my gallery work. Of course all the great religious paintings, Perugino's antechamber,

Angelico's chapel, and the whole lower story of the Sistine, were entirely useless to me. No soul ever bade me look at them, and I had no sense yet to find them out for myself. Everybody told me to look at the roof of the Sistine chapel, and I liked it; but everybody also told me to look at Raphael's Transfiguration, and Domenichino's St. Jerome; which also I did attentively, as I was bid, and pronounced—without the smallest hesitation — Domenichino's a bad picture, and Raphael's an ugly one; and thenceforward paid no more attention to what anybody said, (unless I happened to agree with it) on the subject of painting.

Sir Joshua's verdict on the Stanze was a different matter, and I studied them long and carefully, admitting at once that there was more in them than I was the least able to see or understand, but decisively ascertaining that they could not give me the least pleasure, and contained a mixture of Paganism and Papacy wholly inconsistent with the religious instruction I had received in Walworth.

Having laid these foundations of future

study, I never afterwards had occasion seriously to interfere with them. Domenichino is always spoken of—as long as, in deference to Sir Joshua, I name him at all—as an entirely bad painter; the Stanze, as never giving, or likely to give, anybody in a healthy state of mind,—that is to say, desirous of knowing what sibyls were really like, or how a Greek conceived the Muses,—the slightest pleasure; and the opposition of the Parnassus to the Disputa, shown, in the 'Stones of Venice,'* to foretell the fall of Catholic Theology.

35. The main wonders of Rome thus taken stock of, and the course of minor sight-seeing begun, we thought it time to present a letter of introduction which Henry Acland had given me to Mr. Joseph Severn.

Although in the large octavo volume containing the works of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, which so often lay on my niche-table at Herne Hill, the Keats part had never

* I have authorized the republication of this book in its original text and form, chiefly for the sake of its clear, and the reader will find, wholly incontrovertible, statement of the deadly influence of Renaissance Theology on the Arts in Italy, and on the religion of the World.

attracted me, and always puzzled, I had got quite enough perception of his natural power, and felt enough regret for his death, to make me wait with reverence on his guardian friend. I forget exactly where Mr. Severn lived at that time, but his door was at the right of the landing at the top of a long flight of squarely reverting stair,—broad, to about the span of an English lane that would allow two carts to pass; and broad-stepped also, its gentle incline attained by some three inches of fall to a foot of flat. Up this I was advancing slowly,—it being forbidden me ever to strain breath,—and was within eighteen or twenty steps of Mr. Severn's door, when it opened, and two gentlemen came out, closed it behind them with an expression of excluding the world for evermore from that side of the house, and began to descend the stairs to meet me, holding to my left. One was a rather short, rubicund, serenely beaming person; the other, not much taller, but paler, with a beautifully modelled forehead, and extremely vivid, though kind, dark eyes.

36. They looked hard at me as they passe

but in my usual shyness, and also because I have held it a first principle of manners not to waylay people;—above all, not to stop them when they are going out, I made no sign, and leaving them to descend the reverting stair in peace, climbed, at still slackening pace, the remaining steps to Mr. Severn's door, and left my card and letter of introduction with the servant, who told me he had just gone out. His dark-eyed companion was George Richmond, to whom, also, Acland had given me a letter. Both Mr. Severn and he came immediately to see us. My father and mother's quiet out-of-the-wayness at first interested, soon pleased, and at last won them, so completely, that before Christmas came, out of all people in Rome they chose us to eat their Christmas dinner with. Much more for my father's sake and mother's, than mine; not that they were uninterested in me also, but as *my* ways of out-of-the-wayness were by no means quiet, but perpetually firing up under their feet in little splutters and spitfires of the most appalling heresy; and those not only troublesome in immediate crackle, but carried out into steady, and not

always refutable, objection to nearly everything sacred in their sight, of the autocratic masters and authentic splendours of Rome, their dialogues with me were apt to resolve themselves into delicate disguises of necessary reproof; and even with my father and mother, into consultation as to what was best to be done to bring me to anything like a right mind. The old people's confidence in *them* had been unbounded from the first, in consequence of Mr. Severn's having said to Mr. Richmond when they met me on the stairs, 'What a poetical countenance!'—and my recently fanatical misbehaviour in the affair of the Harlech, coupled with my now irrepressible impertinences to Raphael and Domenichino, began to give me in my parents' eyes something of the distant aspect of the Prodigal Son.

37. The weight of adverse authority which I had thus to support was soon increased by the zeal of Mr. Richmond's younger brother, Tom, whom I found, on the first occasion of my visiting them in their common studio, eagerly painting a torso with shadows of smalt blue, which, it was explained to me,

were afterwards to be glazed so as to change into the flesh colour of Titian. As I did not at that time see anything particular in the flesh colour of Titian, and did not see the slightest probability—if there were—of its being imitable by that process, here was at once another chasm of separation opened between my friends and me, virtually never closed to the end of time; and in its immediately volcanic effect, decisive of the manner in which I spent the rest of my time in Rome and Italy. For, making up my mind thenceforward that the sentiment of Raphael and tints of Titian were alike beyond me, if not wholly out of my way; and that the sculpture galleries of the Vatican were mere bewilderment and worry, I took the bit in my teeth, and proceeded to sketch what I could find in Rome to represent in my own way, bringing in primarily,—by way of defiance to Raphael, Titian, and the Apollo Belvidere all in one,—a careful study of old clothes hanging out of old windows in the Jews' quarter.

38. The gauntlet being thus thrown, the two Mr. Richmonds and my father had nothing

for it but to amuse themselves as best they could with my unclassical efforts, not, taken on my own terms, without interest. I did the best I could for the Forum, in a careful general view; a study of the aqueducts of the Campagna from St. John Lateran, and of the Aventine from the Ponte Rotto, were extremely pleasant to most beholders; and at last even Mr. Richmond was so far mollified as to ask me to draw the street of the Trinita di Monte for him, with which he had many happy associations. There was another practical chance for me in life at this crisis,—I might have made the most precious records of all the cities in Italy. But all my chances of being anything but what I am were thrown away, or broken short, one after another. An entirely mocking and mirage-coloured one, as it seemed then, yet became, many a year later, a great and beautiful influence on my life.

39 Between my Protestantism and, as Tom Richmond rightly called it, Proutism, I had now abjured Roman shows altogether, and was equally rude and restive, whether I was asked to go to a church, a palace, or a gallery, —when papa and mamma began to perceive

some dawn of docility in me about going to hear musical church services. This they naturally attributed to my native taste for Gregorian chants, and my increasing aptitude for musical composition. But the fact was, that at services of this kind there was always a chance of seeing, at intervals, above the bowed heads of the Italian crowd, for an instant or two before she also stooped—or sometimes, eminent in her grace above a stunted group of them,—a fair English girl, who was not only the admitted Queen of beauty in the English circle of that winter in Rome, but was so, in the kind of beauty which I had only hitherto dreamed of as possible, but never yet seen living: statuesque severity with womanly sweetness joined. I don't think I ever succeeded in getting nearer than within fifty yards of her; but she was the light and solace of all the Roman winter to me, in the mere chance glimpses of her far away, and the hope of them.

40. Meantime, my father, to whom our Roman physician had given an encouraging report of me, recovered some of his natural cheerfulness, and enjoyed, with his niece, who

if not an enthusiastic, was an indefatigable and attentive sight-seeker and seer, everything that Rome had to show; the musical festas especially, whenever his cross-grained boy consented, for Miss Tollemache's secret sake, to go with him; while Mr. Severn and George Richmond became every day more kindly—nor, we felt, without real pleasure to themselves—helpful to us all. No *habitué* of the brightest circles of present London Society will doubt the privilege we had in better and better knowing George Richmond. But there is nothing in any circle that ever I saw or heard of, like what Mr. Joseph Severn then was in Rome. He understood everybody, native and foreign, civil and ecclesiastic, in what was nicest in them, and never saw anything else than the nicest; or saw what other people got angry about as only a humorous part of the nature of things. It was the nature of things that the Pope should be at St. Peter's, and the beggars on the Pincian steps. He forgave the Pope his papacy, reverenced the beggar's beard, and felt that alike the steps of the Pincian, and the Araceli, and the Lateran, and the Capitol, led to

heaven, and everybody was going up, somehow; but might be happy where they were in the meantime. Lightly sagacious, lovingly humorous, daintily sentimental, he was in council with the cardinals to-day, and at picnic in Campagna with the brightest English belles to-morrow; and caught the hearts of all in the golden net of his good will and good understanding, as if life were but for him the rippling chant of his favourite song,—

"Gente, e qui l'uccellatore."

CHAPTER III.

CUMÆ.

41. IN my needful and fixed resolve to set the facts down continuously, leaving the reader to his reflections on them, I am slipping a little too fast over the surfaces of things; and it becomes at this point desirable that I should know, or at least try to guess, something of what the reader's reflections *are!* and whether in the main he is getting at the sense of the facts I tell him.

Does he think me a lucky or unlucky youth, I wonder? Commendable, on the whole, and exemplary—or the reverse? Of promising gifts—or merely glitter of morning, to pass at noon? I ask him at this point, because several letters from pleased acquaintances have announced to me, of late, that they have obtained quite new lights upon my character from these jottings, and like me much better than they ever did before. Which was ---

the least the effect I intended to produce on them; and which moreover is the exact opposite of the effect on my own mind of meeting myself, by turning back, face to face.

42. On the contrary, I suffer great pain, and shame, in perceiving with better knowledge the little that I was, and the much that I lost—of time, chance, and—duty, (a duty missed is the worst of loss); and I cannot in the least understand what my acquaintances have found, in anything hitherto told them of my childhood, more amiable than they might have guessed of the author of 'Time and Tide,' or 'Unto This Last.' The real fact being, whatever they make of it, that hitherto, and for a year or two on, yet, I was simply a little floppy and soppy tadpole, —little more than a stomach with a tail to it, flattening and wriggling itself up the crystal ripples and in the pure sands of the spring-head of youth.

But there were always good eyes in me, and a good habit of keeping head up stream; and now the time was coming when I began to think about helping princesses by fetching

up their balls from the bottom; when I got a sudden glimpse of myself, in the true shape of me, extremely startling and discouraging: —here, in Rome it was, towards the Christmas time.

43. Among the living Roman arts of which polite travellers were expected to carry specimens home with them, one of the prettiest used to be the cutting cameos out of pink shells. We bought, according to custom, some coquillage of Gods and Graces; but the cameo cutters were also skilful in mortal portraiture, and papa and mamma, still expectant of my future greatness, resolved to have me carved in cameo.

I had always been content enough with my front face in the glass, and had never thought of contriving vision of the profile. The cameo finished, I saw at a glance to be well cut; but the image it gave of me was not to my mind. I did not analyse its elements at the time, but should now describe it as a George the Third's penny, with a halfpenny worth of George the Fourth, the pride of Amurath the Fifth, and the temper of eight little Lucifers in a swept lodging.

Now I knew myself proud; yes, and of late, sullen; but did not in the least recognise pride or sulkiness for leading faults of my nature. On the contrary, I knew myself wholly reverent to all real greatness, and wholly good-humoured—when I got my own way. What more can you expect of average boy, or beast?

And it seemed hard to me that only the excrescent faults, and by no means the constant capacities, should be set forth, carved by the petty justice of the practical cameo. Concerning which, as also other later portraits of me, I will be thus far proud as to tell the disappointed spectator, once for all, that the main good of my face, as of my life, is in the eyes,—and only in those, seen near; that a very dear and wise French friend also told me, a long while after this, that the lips, though not Apolline, were kind: the George the Third and Fourth character I recognise very definitely among my people, as already noticed in my cousin George of Croydon; and of the shape of head, fore and aft, I have my own opinions, but do not think it time, yet, to tell them.

44. I think it, however, quite time to say a little more fully, not only what happened to me, now of age, but what was *in* me: to which end I permit a passage or two out of my diary, written for the first time this year wholly for my own use, and note of things I saw and thought; and neither to please papa, nor to be printed,—with corrections,—by Mr. Harrison.

I see, indeed, in turning the old leaves, that I have been a little too morose in my record of impressions on the Riviera. Here is a page more pleasant, giving first sight of a place afterwards much important in my life—the promontory of Sestri di Levante.

'Sestri, Nov. 4th (1840). Very wet all morning; merely able to get the four miles to this most lovely village, the clouds drifting like smoke from the hills, and hanging in wreaths about the white churches on their woody slopes. Kept in here till three, then the clouds broke, and we got up the woody promontory that overhangs the village The clouds were rising gradually from the Apennines, *fragments entangled here and there* in the ravines catching the level sunlight like

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so many tongues of fire; the dark blue outline of the hills clear as crystal against a pale distant purity of green sky, the sun touching here and there upon their turfy precipices, and the white, square villages along the gulph gleaming like silver to the north-west;—a mass of higher mountain, plunging down into broad valleys dark with olive, their summits at first grey with rain, then deep blue with flying showers—the sun suddenly catching the near woods at their base, already coloured exquisitely by the autumn, with such a burst of robing,—penetrating, glow as Turner only could even imagine, set off by the grey storm behind. To the south, an expanse of sea, varied by reflection of white Alpine cloud, and delicate lines of most pure blue, the low sun sending its line of light—forty miles long—from the horizon; the surges dashing far below against rocks of black marble, and lines of foam drifting back with the current into the open sea. Overhead, a group of dark Italian pine and evergreen oak, with such lovely ground about their roots as we have in the best bits of the islands of Derwentwater. This continued till near sunset,

With disgust, I meant; but from December 20th to 25th I had a qualm of real fever, which it was a wonder came to no worse. On the 30th I am afoot again; thus:—

'I have been walking backwards and forwards *on the Pincian, being unable to do* anything else since this confounded illness, and trying to find out why every imaginable delight palls so very rapidly on even the keenest feelings. I had all Rome before me; towers, cupolas, cypresses, and palaces mingled in every possible grouping; a light Decemberish mist, mixed with the slightest vestige of wood smoke, hovering between the distances, and giving beautiful grey outlines of every form between the eye and the sun; and over the rich evergreen oaks of the Borghese gardens, a range of Apennine, with one principal pyramid of pure snow, like a piece of sudden comet-light fallen on the earth. It was not like moonlight, nor like sunlight, but as soft as the one, and as powerful as the other. And yet, with all this around me, I could not feel it. I was as tired of my walk, and as glad when I thought I had done duty, as ever on the Norwood road.'

46. There was a girl walking up and down with some children, her light cap prettily set on very well dressed hair: of whose country I had no doubt; long before I heard her complain to one of her charges, who was jabbering English as fast as the fountain tinkled on the other side of the road, 'Qu'elle n'en comprenait pas un mot.' This girl after two or three turns sat down beside another *bonne*. There they sate laughing and chattering, with the expression of perfect happiness on their faces, thinking no more of the Alpine heights behind them, or the city beneath them, than of Constantinople; while I, with every feeling raised, I should think to a great degree above theirs, was in a state of actually severe mental pain, because I could perceive materials of the highest pleasure around me, and felt the time hang heavy on my hands. Here is the pride, you perceive, good reader, and the sullens—dum pituita molestat—both plain enough. But it is no lofty pride in which I say my '*feelings*' were raised above the French *bonne's*. Very solemnly, I did not think myself a better creature than she, nor so good; but only I knew there was a link

between far Soracte and me,—nay, even between unseen Voltur and me,—which was not between her and them; and meant a wider, earthly, if not heavenly, horizon, under the birth-star.

47. Meantime, beneath the hill, my mother knitted, as quietly as if she had been at home, in the corner of the great Roman room in which she cared for nothing but the cleanliness, as distinguishing it from the accommodation of provincial inns; and the days turned, and it was time to think of the journey to Naples, before any of us were tired of Rome. And simple cousin Mary, whom I never condescended to ask for either sympathy or opinion, was really making better use of her Roman days than any of us. She was a sound, plain, musician; (having been finished by Moscheles); attended to the church orchestras carefully, read her guide-books accurately, knew always where she was, and in her sincere religion, conquered her early Puritanism to the point of reverently visiting St. Paul's grave and St. Cecilia's house, and at last going up the Scala Santa on her knees, like any good girl of Rome.

48. So passed the days, till there was spring sunshine in the air as we climbed the Alban mount, and went down into the ravine under La Riccia, afterwards described in perhaps the oftenest quoted passage of 'Modern Painters.' The diary says: 'A hollow with another village on the hill opposite, a most elegant and finished group of church tower and roof, descending by delicate upright sprigs * of tree into a dark rich-toned depth of ravine, out of which rose nearer, and clear against its shade, a grey wall of rock, an absolute miracle for blending of bright lichenous colour.'

With a few sentences more, to similar effect, and then a bit of Pontine marsh description, dwelling much on the moving points of the 'black cattle, white gulls, black, bristly high-bred swine, and birds of all sorts, waders and dippers innumerable.' It is very interesting, at least to myself, to find how, so early as this, while I never drew anything but in pencil outline, I *saw* everything first in colour, as it ought to be seen

* I have substituted this word for a sketch like the end of a broom, which would convey no idea to anybody but myself.

49. I must give room to the detail of the day from Mola to Naples, because it shows, to proof enough, the constant watchfulness upon which the statements in 'Modern Painters' were afterwards founded, though neither that nor any other book had yet been dreamed of, and I wrote only to keep memory of things seen, for what good might come of the memory anyhow.

"Naples, January 9th (1841). Dressed yesterday at Mola by a window commanding a misty sunrise over the sea—a grove of oranges sloping down to the beach, flushed with its light; Gaeta opposite, glittering along its promontory. Ran out to terrace at side of the house, a leaden bit of roof, with pots of orange and Indian fig. There was a range of Skiddaw-like mountains rising from the shore, the ravines just like those of Saddleback, or the west side of Skiddaw; the higher parts bright with fresh-fallen snow; the highest, misty with a touch of soft white, swift * cloud. Nearer, they softened into green, bare

* Note the instant marking the *pace* of the cloud,—the work of 'Cœli Enarrant' having been begun practically years before this. See below also of the rain-cloud.

masses of hill, like Malvern, but with their tops covered with olives and lines of vine,—the village of Mola showing its white walls and level roofs above the olives, with a breath of blue smoke floating above them, and a long range of distant hills running out into the sea beyond. The air was fresh, and yet so pure and soft, and so full of perfume from the orange trees below the terrace, that it seemed more like an early summer morning than January. It got soon threatening, however, though the sun kept with us as we drove through the village;—confined streets, but bright and varied, down to the shore, and then under the slopes of the snowy precipice, now thoroughly dazzling with the risen sun, and between hedges of tall myrtle, into the plain of Garigliano A heavy rain-cloud raced * us the ten miles, and stooped over us, stealing the blue sky inch by inch, till it had left only a strip of amber-blue † behind the Apennines, the near hills thrown into deep

* This distinct approach, or chase, by rain-cloud is opposed, in my last lectures on sky, to the *gathering* of rain-cloud all through the air, under the influence of plague wind.

† Palest transparent blue passing into gold.

dark purple shade, the snow behind them, first blazing—the only strong light in the picture—then in shade, dark against the pure sky; the grey above, warm and lurid—a little washed with rain in parts; below, a copse of willow coming against the dark purples, nearly pure Indian yellow, a little touched with red. Then came a lovely bit of aqueduct, with coats of shattered mosaic, the hills seen through its arches, and pieces of bright green meadow mixing with the yellow of the willows. At Capua, detained by a rascally Dogana,—we had one at Garigliano as well, howling beggars all about (Caffé del Giglio d'Oro), one ape of a creature clinging with its legs about another's neck, and chopping its jaws with its fists. Hence a dead flat of vines hanging from elms, and road perfectly straight, and cut utterly up by a deluge of rain. I was quite tired as it grew dark, fragments of blue and amber sky showing through colossal thunder clouds, and two or three pure stars labouring among the dark masses. It lightened fast as we got into Naples, and we were stopped again, first by Dogana, and then at passport office, till I lost

temper and patience, and could have cried like a girl, for I was quite wearied with the bad roads, and disappointed with the approach to Naples, and cold. I could not help wondering at this. How little could I have imagined, sitting in my home corner, yearning for a glance of the hill snow, or the orange leaf, that I should, at entering Naples, be as thoroughly out of humour as ever after a monotonous day in London. More so!"

50. For full ten years, since earliest geologic reading, I had thoroughly known the structure and present look of Vesuvius and Monte Somma; nor had 'Friendship's Offering' and 'Forget-me-not,' in the days of the Bandit Leoni, left me without useful notions of the Bay of Naples. But the beautiful forms of Monte St. Angelo and Capri *were new to me*, and the first feeling of being in the presence of the power and mystery of the under earth, unspeakably solemn; though Vesuvius was virtually in repose, and the slow changes in the heaped white cloud above the crater were only like those of a thunder cloud.

The first sight of the Alps had been to me

as a direct revelation of the benevolent will in creation. Long since, in the volcanic powers of destruction, I had been taught by Homer, and further forced by my own reason, to see, if not the personality of an Evil Spirit, at all events the permitted symbol of evil, unredeemed; wholly distinct from the conditions of storm, or heat, or frost, on which the healthy courses of organic life depended. In the same literal way in which the snows and Alpine roses of Lauterbrunnen were visible Paradise, here, in the valley of ashes and throat of lava, were visible Hell. If thus in the natural, how else should it be in the spiritual world?

I had never yet read a line of Dante. From the moment when I knew the words,—

> "It now is evening there, where buried lies
> The body in which I cast a shade, removed
> To Naples from Brundusium's wall,"

not Naples only, but Italy, became for ever flushed with the sacred twilight of them. But even now, what pieces I knew of Virgil, in that kind, became all at once true, when I saw the birdless lake; for me also, the voice

of it had teaching which was to be practically a warning law of future life:—

"Nec te
Nequidquam lucis Hecate præfecit Avernis."

The legends became true,—*began* to come true, I should have said,—trains of thought now first rising which did not take clear current till forty years afterwards; and in this first trickling, sorrowful in disappointment. 'There *were* such places then, and Sibyls *did* live in them!—but is this all?'

Frightful enough, yes, the spasmodic ground—the boiling sulphur lake—the Dog's grotto with its floor a foot deep in poisoned air that could be stirred with the hand. Awful, but also for the Delphi of Italy, ignoble. And all that was fairest in the whole sweep of isle and sea, I saw, as was already my wont, with precise note of its faults.

51. The common English traveller, if he can gather a black bunch of grapes with his own fingers, and have his bottle of Falernian brought him by a girl with black eyes, asks no more of this world, nor the next; and declares Naples a Paradise. But I knew,

from the first moment when my foot furrowed volcanic ashes, that no mountain form or colour could exist in perfection when everything was made of scoria, and that blue sea was to be little boasted if it broke on black sand. And I saw also, with really wise anger, the horror of neglect in the governing power, which Mr. Gladstone found, forsooth, in the Neapolitan prisons! but which neither he nor any other Englishman, so far as I know, except Byron and I, saw to have made the Apennines one prison wall, and all the modern life of Italy one captivity of shame and crime; alike against the honour of her ancestors, and the kindness of her God.

With these strong insights into the faults of others, there came also at Naples, I am thankful to say, some stroke of volcanic lightning on my own. The sense of the uselessness of all Naples and its gulph to me, in my then state of illness and gloom, was borne in upon me with reproach: the chrysalid envelope began to tear itself open here and there to some purpose, and I bade farewell to the last outlines of Monte St. Angelo

as they faded in the south, with dim notions of bettering my ways in future.

52. At Mola di Gaeta we stopped a whole day that I might go back to draw the castle of Itri. It was hinted darkly to us that Itri was of no good repute; we disdained all imputations on such a lovely place, and drove back there for a day's rambling. While I drew, my mother and Mary went at their own sweet wills up and down; Mary had by this time, at school and on the road, made herself mistress of syllables enough to express some sympathy with any contadina who wore a pretty cap, or carried a pretty baby; and, the appearance of English women being rare at Itri, the contadine were pleased, and everything that was amiable to mamma and Mary. I made an excellent sketch, and we returned in exultation to the orange-groves of Mola. We afterwards heard that the entire population of Itri consisted of banditti, and never troubled ourselves about banditti any more.

We stopped at Albano for the Sunday, and I went out in the morning for a walk through its ilex groves with my father and mother and Mary. For some time back, the little

cough bringing blood had not troubled me, and I had been taking longer walks and otherwise counting on comparative safety, when here suddenly, in the gentle morning saunter through the shade, the cough came back—with a little darker stain on the handkerchief than usual. I sat down on a bank by the roadside, and my father's face was very grave.

We got quietly back to the inn, where he found some sort of light carriole disposable, and set out, himself, to fetch the doctor from Rome.

It has always been one of the great shadows of thought to me, to fancy my father's feelings as he was driven that day those eighteen miles across the Campagna.

Good Dr. Gloag comforted him, and returned with him. But there was nothing new to be done, nor said. Such chance attack was natural in the spring, he said, only I must be cautious for a while. My mother never lost her courage for an instant. Next day we went on to Rome, and it was the last time the cough ever troubled me.

53. The weather was fine at Easter, and

I saw the Benediction, and sate in the open air of twilight opposite the castle of St. Angelo, and saw the dome-lines kindle on St. Peter's, and the castle veil the sky with flying fire. Bearing with me from that last sight in Rome many thoughts that ripened slowly afterwards, chiefly convincing me how guiltily and meanly dead the Protestant mind was to the whole meaning and end of mediæval Church splendour; and how meanly and guiltily dead the existing Catholic mind was, to the course by which to reach the Italian soul, instead of its eyes.

Re-opening, but a few days since, the book which my Christchurch official tutor, Walter Brown, recommended to me as the most useful code of English religious wisdom, the 'Natural History of Enthusiasm,' I chanced on this following passage, which I think must have been one of the first to startle the complacency of my Puritan creed. My since experience in theological writing furnishes me with no more terrific example of the absence alike of charity and understanding in the leading masters of that sect, beyond all

others into which the Church has ever been divided:—

'If it be for a moment forgotten that in every bell, and bowl, and vest of the Romish service there is hid a device against the liberty and welfare of mankind, and that its gold, and pearls, and fine linen are the deckings of eternal ruin; and if this apparatus of worship be compared with the impurities and the cruelties of the old Polytheistic rites, great praise may seem due to its contrivers. All the materials of poetic and scenic effect have been elaborated by the genius and taste of the Italian artists until a spectacle has been got up which leaves the most splendid shows of the ancient idol worship of Greece and Rome at a vast distance of inferiority.'

Yet I cannot distinctly remember being shocked, even at this passage, and I know there was much in the rest of the book that pleased me; but I had already the advantage over its author, and over all such authors, of knowing, when I saw them, sincere art from lying art, and happy faith from insolent dogmatism. I knew that the voices in the Trinita di Monte did not sing to deceive me; and

that the kneeling multitude before the Pontiff were indeed bettered and strengthened by his benediction.

Although I had been able, weather favouring, to see the Easter ceremonies without danger, there was no sign, take all in all, of gain to my health from Roman winter. My own discouragement was great; and the first cautious journeyings back by Terni and Fuligno were sad enough; the night at Terni very deeply so. For in the evening, when we came back from seeing the falls, the servant of a young Englishman asked to speak with us, saying that he was alone in charge of his master, who had been stopped there by sudden, he feared mortal, illness. Would my father come and see him? My father went, and found a beautifully featured Scottish youth of three or four and twenty, indeed in the last day of decline. He died during the night, and we were of some use to the despairing servant afterwards. I forget now whether we ever knew who the youth was. I find his name in my diary, 'Farquharson,' but no more.

As we drew northward, however, out of

the volcanic country, I recovered heart; the enchanted world of Venice enlarging in front of me. I had only yet once seen her, and that six years ago, when still a child. That the fairy tale should come true now seemed wholly incredible, and the start from the gate of Padua in the morning,—Venice, asserted by people whom we could not but believe, to be really over there, on the horizon, in the sea! How to tell the feeling of it!

54. I have not yet fancied the reader's answer to the first question proposed in outset of this chapter,—does he think me a fortunate or unfortunate youth?

As to preparation for the future world, terrestrial or celestial, or future self in either, there may be two opinions—two or three perhaps—on the matter. But, there is no question that, of absolute happiness, I had the share of about a quarter of a million of average people, all to myself. I say 'people,' not 'boys.' I don't know what delight boys take in cricket, or boating, or throwing stones at birds, or learning to shoot them. But of average people in continuity of occupation, shopmen, clerks, Stock Exchange people, club

and Pall Mall people, certainly there was no reckoning the quantity of happiness I had in comparison, followed indeed by times of reaction, or of puzzled satiety; and partly avenged by extremes of vexation at what vexed nobody else; but indisputably and infinitely precious in itself, every day complete at the end, as with Sydney Smith's salad: "Fate cannot harm me; I have dined, to-day."

55. The two chapters closing the first, and beginning the second volume of the 'Stones of Venice' were written, I see on re-reading, in the melancholy experience of 1852, with honest effort to tell every traveller what was really to be seen They do not attempt to recall my own joys of 1835 and 1841, when there was not even beginning of railway bridge; when everything, muddy Brenta, vulgar villa, dusty causeway, sandy beach, was equally rich in rapture, on the morning that brought us in sight of Venice: and the black knot of gondolas in the canal of Mestre, more beautiful to me than a sunrise full of clouds all scarlet and gold.

But again, how to tell of it? or even

explain it to myself,—the English mind, high or common, being utterly without trace of the feeling. Sir Philip Sidney goes to Venice, and seems unconscious that it is in the sea at all. Elizabeth Lady Craven, in 1789, "expected to see a gay clean-looking town, with quays on each side of the canals, but was extremely disappointed; the houses are in the water, and look dirty and uncomfortable on the outside; the innumerable quantity of gondolas too, that look like swimming coffins, added to the dismal scene, and, I confess, Venice on my arrival struck me with horror rather than pleasure."

After this, she goes to the Casini, and is happy. It does not appear she had ever read the Merchant, or Othello; still less has Evelyn read them, though for him, as for Sidney, Othello's and Antonio's Venice was still all but living. My Venice, like Turner's, had been chiefly created for us by Byron; but for me, there was also still the pure childish passion of pleasure in seeing boats float in clear water. The beginning of everything was in seeing the gondola-beak come actually inside the door at Danieli's, when

the tide was up, and the water two feet deep at the foot of the stairs; and then, all along the canal sides, actual marble walls rising out of the salt sea, with hosts of little brown crabs on them, and Titians inside.

56. Between May 6th and 16th I made notes on effects of light, afterwards greatly useful in 'Modern Painters;' and two pencil drawings, Ca' Contarini Fasan, and the Giant's Staircase, of which, with two more made at Bologna in passing, and some half-dozen at Naples and Amalfi, I can say, now forty years later, with certitude, that they could not have been much better done. I knew absolutely nothing of architecture proper, had never drawn a section nor a leaf moulding; but liked, as Turner did to the end of his days, anything that was graceful and rich, whether Gothic or Renaissance; was entirely certain and delicate in pencil-touch; and drew with an acuteness of delight in the thing as it actually stood, which makes the sketch living and like, from corner to corner. Thus much I could do, and *did* do, for the last time. Next year I began trying to do

what I could not, and have gone on ever since, spending half of my days in that manner.

57. I find a sentence in diary on 6th May, which seems inconsistent with what I have said of the centres of my life work.

'Thank God I am here; it is the Paradise of cities.'

. . . . .

'This, and Chamouni, are my two bournes of Earth.'

But then, I *knew* neither Rouen nor Pisa, though I had seen both. (Geneva, when I spoke of it with them, is meant to include Chamouni.) Venice I regard more and more as a vain temptation—the diary says—where the stars are. 'There is moon enough to make half the sanities of the earth lunatic, striking its pure flashes of light on the grey water.'

From Venice, by Padua, where St. Antonio,—by Milan, where the Duomo,—were still faultless to me, and each a perfect bliss; to Turin—to Susa; my health still bettering in the sight of Alps, and what breeze came down from them—and over Cenis for the first time.

I woke from a sound tired sleep in a little one-windowed room at Lans-le-bourg, at six of the summer morning, June 2nd, 1841; the red aiguilles on the north relieved against pure blue—the great pyramid of snow down the valley in one sheet of eastern light. I dressed in three minutes, ran down the village street, across the stream, and climbed the grassy slope on the south side of the valley, up to the first pines.

I had found my life again,—all the best of it. What good of religion, love, admiration or hope, had ever been taught me, or felt by my best nature, rekindled at once; and my line of work, both by my own will and the aid granted to it by fate in the future, determined for me. I went down thankfully to my father and mother, and told them I was sure I should get well

As to my mere physical state, the doctors had been entirely mistaken about me. I wanted bracing air, exercise, and rest from all artificial excitement. The air of the Campagna was the worst they could have sent me into—the life of Rome the worst they could have chosen.

58. The three following diary entries, which meant much afterwards, may summarily end what I fear has been a tiresome chapter.

I. 'Geneva, June 5th. Yesterday from Chambery,—a fresh north wind blowing away the dust. Much pleased with the respectable young wife of a confectioner, at one of the mid-towns where I went to get some Savoy biscuits—and asked for 'a pound.' 'Mais, Monsieur, une livre sera un peu—volumineuse! je vous en donnerai la moitié; vous verrez si cela vous suffira;'—'Ah, Louise' (to a little bright-eyed lady in the inner room, who was expressing her disapprobation of some of the affairs of life too loudly), 'si tu n'es pas sage, tu vas savoir'—but so playfully and kindly! Got here on a lovely afternoon near sunset, and the green bastions and bright Salève and rushing Rhone and far Jura, all so lovely that I was nearly vowing never to go into Italy again.'

II. 'June 6th. Pouring rain all day, and slow extempore sermon from a weak-voiced young man in a white arched small chapel, with a braying organ and doggerel hymns. Several times, about the same hour on Sunday

mornings, a fit of self-reproach has come upon me for my idling at present, and I have formed resolutions to be always trying to get knowledge of some kind or other, or bodily strength, or some real available, continuing good, rather than the mere amusement of the time. It came on me to-day very strongly, and I would give anything and everything to keep myself in the temper, for I always slip out of it next day.'

III. 'Dec. 11th, 1842. Very odd! Exactly the same fit came on me in the same church, next year, and was the origin of Turner's work.'

CHAPTER IV.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

59. We reached Rochester on the 29th of June, and a month was spent at home, considering what was to be done next. My own feeling, ever since the morning at Lans-le-bourg, was that, if only left free in mountain air, I should get well, fast enough. After debate with London doctors, it was thought best to give me my way; and, stipulating only that Richard Fall should go with me, papa and mamma sent me, early in August, on my first independent journey, into Wales.

But they desired me, on my way there, to stop at Leamington, and show myself to its dominant physician, Dr. Jephson — called a quack by all the Faculty, yet of whom they had heard favourably from wise friends.

Jephson was no quack; but a man of the highest general power, and keenest medical instincts. He had risen, by stubborn industry

and acute observation, from an apothecary's boy to be the first physician in Leamington; and was the first true physician I ever knew —nor since, till I knew Sir William Gull, have I met the match of him.

He examined me for ten minutes; then said, 'Stay here, and I'll put you to rights in six weeks' *I said* I was *not* the least disposed to stay there, and was going into Wales, but would obey any directions and follow any prescriptions he chose to give me. No, he said, I must stay, or he could do nothing for me. I thought this did look a little like quackery, and accordingly made my bow, and proceeded on my journey into Wales, after writing a full account of the interview to my father.

60. At Pont-y-Monach lay for me a letter from him, bidding me go back to Leamington at once, and place myself under Jephson's care. Richard therefore went on to Snowdon by himself; and I, returning with what speed the mail could make, presented myself to the doctor penitently. He sent me into tiny lodgings near the Wells, where I spent six weeks of life extremely new to me; much

grumbled at in my diary,—not unpleasant, now remembered.

Salt water from the Wells in the morning, and iron, visibly glittering in deposit at bottom of glass, twice a day. Breakfast at eight, with herb tea — dandelion, I think; dinner at one, supper at six, both of meat, bread, and water, only;—fish, meat, or fowl, as I chose, but only one dish of the meat chosen, and no vegetables nor fruit. Walk, forenoon and afternoon, and early to bed. Such the regimen suddenly enforced on my luxurious life.

To which discipline I submitted accurately: and found life still worth having on these terms, and the renewed hope of its continuance, extremely interesting.

61. Nor wanting in interest, the grotesquely prosaic position itself. Here I was, in a small square brick lodging-house, number what you like of its row, looking out on a bit of suburban paddock, and a broken paling; mean litter everywhere about; the muddy lingering of Leam, about three yards broad, at the other side of the paddock; a ragged brambly bank at the other side of *it*. Down

the row, beginnings of poor people's shops, then an aristocratic grocer and mercer or two, the circulating library, and the Pump Room.

After the Bay of Naples, Mount Aventine, and St. Mark's Place, it felt like the first practical scene of a pantomime, after the transformation, and before the business begins. But I had been extremely dull under Mount Aventine, and did not, to my surprise, feel at all disposed to be dull here,— but somewhat amused, and with a pleasant feeling of things being really at last all right, for *me* at least; though it wasn't as grand as Peckwater, nor as pretty as St. Mark's Place. Any how, I was down to Croydon level again in the world; and might do what I liked in my own lodgings, and hadn't any Collections to get ready for.

62. The first thing I did was to go to the library and choose a book to work at. After due examination, I bought Agassiz' 'Poissons Fossiles'! and set myself to counting of scales and learning of hard names,—thinking, as some people do still, that in that manner I might best advance in geology. Also I

supplied myself with some Captain Marryat; and some beautiful new cakes of colour wherewith to finish a drawing, in Turner's grandest manner, of the Chateau of Amboise at sunset, with the moon rising in the distance, and shining through a bridge.

The 'Poissons Fossiles' turned out a most useful purchase, enabling me finally to perceive, after steady work on them, that Agassiz was a mere blockhead to have paid for all that good drawing of the nasty ugly things, and that it didn't matter a stale herring to any mortal whether they had any names or not.

For any positive or useful purpose, I could not more utterly have wasted *my* time; but it was no small gain to know that time spent in that sort of work *was* wasted; and that to have caught a chub in the Avon, and learned how to cook it spicily and herbaceously, so as to have pleased Izaak Walton, if the odour of it could reach him in the Anglers' Paradise, would have been a better result of six weeks' study than to be able to count and call by their right names every scale stuck in the mud of the universe.

Also I got a wholesome perception, from that book, of the true relation between artists and scientific gentlemen. For I saw that the real genius concerned in the 'Poissons Fossiles' was the lithographer's, and not at all the scientific gentleman's; and that the book ought to have been called after the lithographer, *his* fishes, only with their scales counted and called bad names by subservient Mons. Agassiz.

63. The second thing of specific meaning that went on in Leamington lodgings was the aforesaid highly laboured drawing of the Chateau of Amboise, 'out of my head;' representing the castle as about seven hundred feet above the river, (it is perhaps eighty or ninety,) with sunset light on it, in imitation of Turner; and the moon rising behind it, in imitation of Turner; and some steps and balustrades (which are not there) going down to the river, in imitation of Turner; with the fretwork of St. Hubert's Chapel done very carefully in my own way,—I thought perhaps a little better than Turner.

This drawing, and the poem of the 'Broken Chain,' which it was to illustrate, after being

beautifully engraved by Goodall, turned out afterwards equally salutary exercises; proving to me that in those directions of imagination I was even a worse blockhead than Agassiz himself. Meantime, the autumn weather was fine, the corn was ripe, and once out of sight of the paddock, the pump room, and the Parade, the space of surrounding Warwickshire within afternoon walk was extremely impressive to me, in its English way. Warwick towers in sight over the near tree tops; Kenilworth, within an afternoon's walk; Stratford, to be reached by an hour's drive with a trotting pony; and, round them, as far as eye could reach, a space of perfect England, not hill and *dale*,—that might be anywhere,—but hill and *flat*, through which the streams linger, and where the canals wind without lock.

64. Under these peaceful conditions I began to look carefully at cornflowers, thistles, and hollyhocks; and find, by entry on Sept. 15th, that I was writing a bit of the 'King of the Golden River,' and reading Alison's 'Europe' and Turner's 'Chemistry.'

Anent the 'King of the River,' I remorsefully

bethink me no word has been said of the dawn and sunrise of Dickens on us; from the first syllable of him in the 'Sketches,' altogether precious and admirable to my father and me; and the new number of Pickwick and following Nickleby looked to, through whatever laborious or tragic realities might be upon us, as unmixed bliss, for the next day. But Dickens taught us nothing with which we were not familiar,—only painted it perfectly for us. We knew quite as much about coachmen and hostlers as he did; and rather more about Yorkshire. As a caricaturist, both in the studied development of his own manner, and that of the illustrative etchings, he put himself out of the pale of great authors; so that he never became an educational element of my life, but only one of its chief comforts and restoratives.

The 'King of the Golden River' was written to amuse a little girl; and being a fairly good imitation of Grimm and Dickens, mixed with a little true Alpine feeling of my own, has been rightly pleasing to nice children, and good for them. But it is totally valueless, for

all that. I can no more write a story than compose a picture.

65. Jephson kept his word, and let me go in six weeks, with my health, he told me,—I doubt not, truly,—in my own hands. And indeed, if I had continued to live on mutton and iron, learned to swim in the sea which I loved, and set myself wholly upon my geology and poissons — vivants instead of fossiles,——Well, I suppose I should have been drowned like Charles, or lain, within a year or two,

"on a glacier, half way up to heaven.
Taking my final rest."

What might have been, the mute Fates know. I myself know only, with certainty, what ought *not* to have been,—that, getting released from Leamington, I took again to brown potatoes and cherry-pie; instead of learning to swim and climb, continued writing pathetic verses, and at this particularly foolish crisis of life, as aforesaid, trying to paint *twilight* like Turner. I was not simpleton enough to think I could follow him in daylight, but I thought I could do something like his

Kenilworth Castle at sunset, with the milkmaid and the moon.

66. I have passed without notice what the reader might suppose a principal event of my life, — the being introduced to him by Mr. Griffith, at Norwood dinner, June 22nd, 1840.

The diary says, "Introduced to-day to the man who beyond all doubt is the greatest of the age; greatest in every faculty of the imagination, in every branch of scenic * knowledge; at once the painter and poet of the day, J. M. W. Turner. Everybody had described him to me as coarse, boorish, unintellectual, vulgar. This I knew to be impossible. I found in him a somewhat eccentric, keen-mannered, matter-of-fact, English - minded — gentleman: good - natured evidently, bad-tempered evidently, hating humbug of all sorts, shrewd, perhaps a little selfish, highly intellectual, the powers of the mind not brought out with any delight in their manifestation, or intention of display, but flashing out occasionally in a word or a look."

Pretty close, that, and full, to be seen

* Meaning, I suppose, knowledge of what could rightly be represented or composed as a scene.

at a first glimpse, and set down the same evening.

67. Curiously, the drawing of Kenilworth was one of those that came out of Mr. Griffith's folio after dinner; and I believe I must have talked some folly about it, as being 'a leading one of the England series'; which would displease Turner greatly. There were few things he hated more than hearing people gush about particular drawings. He knew it merely meant they could not see the others.

Anyhow, he stood silent; the general talk went on as if he had not been there. He wished me good-night kindly, and I did not see him again till I came back from Rome.

If he had but asked me to come and see him the next day! shown me a pencil sketch, and let me see him lay a wash! He would have saved me ten years of life, and would not have been less happy in the close of his own. One can only say, Such things are never to be; every soul of us has to do its fight with the Untoward, and for itself discover the Unseen.

68. So here I was at Leamington, trying to paint twilight at Amboise, and meditating over

the Poissons Fossiles, and Michael Angelo. Set free of the Parade, I went to stay a few days with my college tutor, Walter Brown, Rector now of 'Wendlebury,' a village in the flats, eleven miles north of Oxford. Flats, not marshes: wholesome pastoral fields, separated by hedges; here and there a haystack, a gate, or a stile. The village consisted of twelve or fifteen thatched cottages, and the Rectory. The Rectory was a square house, with a garden fifty yards square. The church, close by, about four yards high by twenty yards long, had a square tower at the end, and a weather-cock.

Good Mr. Walter Brown had married an entirely worthy, very plain, somewhat middle-aged wife, and settled himself down, with all his scholarship and good gifts, to promote the spiritual welfare of Wendlebury. He interested himself entirely in that object; dug his garden himself; took a scholar or two to prepare for Oxford examinations, with whom in the mornings he read in the old way; studied the 'Natural History of Enthusiasm,' and was perfectly happy and contented, to the end of his time.

69. Finding him proud of his little church and its weather-cock, I made a drawing of it for him, in my best manner, at sunset, with a moonrise behind. He objected a little to having the sky upside down, with the darkest blue at the bottom, to bring out the church; but somehow, everybody at this time had begun to believe in me, and think I knew more about drawing than other people: and the meekness with which Mr. Brown would listen to me lecturing on Michael Angelo, from a series of outlines of the Last Judgment which I had brought from Rome, with the muscles engraved all over the bodies like branch railroads, remains wholly phenomenal and mystic in my memory. Nobody is ever the least meek to me now, when I *do* know something about it.

But Mr. Brown and his wife were in all ways extremely kind to me, and seemed to like having me with them. It was perhaps only their politeness: I can neither fancy nor find anything in myself at this time which could have been pleasant to anybody, unless the mere wish to be pleasant, which I had always; seeking to say, so far as I could

honestly, what would be agreeable to whomsoever I spoke to.

70. From Wendlebury I went home, and made final preparation, with Gordon's help, for taking my degree in the spring. I find entry on Nov. 16th, 1841, at Herne Hill, 'I have got my rooms in order at last; I shall set to work on my reading to-morrow, methodically, but not hard' Setting my rooms in order has, throughout life, been an occasionally complacent recreation to me; but I have never succeeded in keeping them in order three days after they were in it.

On the day following comes this: 'Mem., why is hoarfrost formed in larger crystals on the ribs and edges of leaves than in other places?' (on other parts of the leaf, I meant) —question which I had thought asked for the first time in my ice-study of '79, and which is not answered yet.

The entry next day is also worth copying: 'Read the Clementina part of "Sir Charles Grandison." I never met with anything which affected me so powerfully; at present I feel disposed to place this work above all other works of fiction I know. It is very,

very grand; and has, I think, a greater practical effect on me for good than anything I ever read in my life.'

I find my first lessons from Harding were also at this time; very delightful for what they were worth, though I saw well enough his shortcomings. But it was lovely to see him draw, in his own way, and up to a certain point. His knowledge of tree form was true, and entirely won for himself, with an honest original perception. Also, he was a violent hater of the old Dutch school, and I imagine the first who told me that they were 'sots, gamblers, and debauchees, delighting in the reality of the alehouse more than in its pictures.' All which was awakening and beneficial to no small extent.

71. And so the year 1842 dawned for me, with many things in its morning cloud. In the early spring of it, a change came over Turner's mind. He wanted to make some drawings to please himself; but also to be paid for making them. He gave Mr. Griffith fifteen sketches for choice of subject by any one who would give him a commission. He got commissions for nine, of which my father

let me choose at first one, then was coaxed and tricked into letting me have two. Turner got orders, out of all the round world besides, for seven more. With the sketches, four finished drawings were shown for samples of the sort of thing Turner meant to make of them, and for immediate purchase by anybody.

Among them was the Splugen, which I had some hope of obtaining by supplication, when my father, who was travelling, came home. I waited dutifully till he should come. In the meantime it was bought, with the loveliest Lake Lucerne, by Mr. Munro of Novar.

72. The thing became to me grave matter for meditation. In a story by Miss Edgeworth, the father would have come home in the nick of time, effaced Mr. Munro as he hesitated with the Splugen in his hand, and given the dutiful son that, and another. I found, after meditation, that Miss Edgeworth's way was not the world's, nor Providence's. I perceived then, and conclusively, that if you do a foolish thing, you suffer for it exactly the same, whether you do it piously or not. I

knew perfectly well that this drawing was the best Swiss landscape yet painted by man; and that it was entirely proper for *me* to have it, and inexpedient that anybody else should. I ought to have secured it instantly, and begged my father's pardon, tenderly. He would have been angry, and surprised, and grieved; but loved me none the less, found in the end I was right, and been entirely pleased. I should have been very uncomfortable and penitent for a while, but loved my father all the more for having hurt him, and, in the good of the thing itself, finally satisfied and triumphant. As it was, the Splugen was a thorn in both our sides, all our lives. My father was always trying to get it; Mr. Munro, aided by dealers, always raising the price on him, till it got up from 80 to 400 guineas. Then we gave it up,—with unspeakable wear and tear of best feelings on both sides.

73. And how about 'Thou shalt not covet,' etc.? Good reader, if you ask this, please consult my philosophical works. Here, I can only tell you facts, whether of circumstance or law. It is a law that if you do a foolish thing you suffer for it, whatever your

motive. I do not say the motive itself may not be rewarded or punished on its own merits. In this case, nothing but mischief, as far as I know, came of the whole matter.

In the meantime, bearing the disappointment as best I could, I rejoiced in the sight of the sketches, and the hope of the drawings that were to be And they gave me much more to think of than my mischance. I saw that these sketches were straight impressions from nature,—not artificial designs, like the Carthages and Romes. And it began to occur to me that perhaps even in the artifice of Turner there might be more truth than I had understood. I was by this time very learned in *his* principles of composition; but it seemed to me that in these later subjects Nature herself was composing with him.

Considering of these matters, one day on the road to Norwood, I noticed a bit of ivy round a thorn stem, which seemed, even to my critical judgment, not ill 'composed'; and proceeded to make a light and shade pencil study of it in my grey paper pocket-book, carefully, as if it had been a bit of sculpture, liking it more and more as I drew.

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When it was done, I saw that I had virtually lost all my time since I was twelve years old, because no one had ever told me to draw what was really there! All my time, I mean, given to drawing as an art; of course I had the records of places, but had never seen the beauty of anything, not even of a stone—how much less of a leaf!

I was neither so crushed nor so elated by the discovery as I ought to have been, but it ended the chrysalid days. Thenceforward my advance was steady, however slow.

74. This must have been in May, and a week or two afterwards I went up for my degree, but find no entry of it. I only went up for a pass, and still wrote Latin so badly that there was a chance of my *not* passing! but the examiners forgave it because the divinity, philosophy, and mathematics were all above the average; and they gave me a complimentary double-fourth.

When I was sure I had got through, I went out for a walk in the fields north of New College, (since turned into the Parks,) happy in the sense of recovered freedom, but extremely doubtful to what use I should put it.

There I was, at two and twenty, with such and such powers, all second-rate except the analytic ones, which were as much in embryo as the rest, and which I had no means of measuring; such and such likings, hitherto indulged rather against conscience; and a dim sense of duty to myself, my parents, and a daily more vague shadow of Eternal Law.

What should I be, or do? my utterly indulgent father ready to let me do anything; with my room always luxuriously furnished in his house,—my expenses paid if I chose *to travel. I was not heartless enough, yet,* to choose to do that, alone. Perhaps it may deserve some dim praise that I never seriously thought of leaving my father and mother to explore foreign countries; and certainly the fear of grieving them was intermingled more or less with all my thoughts; but then, I did not much *want* to explore foreign countries. I had not the least love of advènture, but liked to have comfortable rooms always ordered, and a three-course dinner ready by four o'clock. Although no coward under circumstances of accidental danger, I extremely objected to any vestige of danger as a

continuous element in one's life. I would not go to India for fear of tigers, nor to Russia for fear of bears, nor to Peru for fear of earthquakes; and finally, though I had no rightly glowing or grateful affection for either father or mother, yet as they could not well do without me, so also I found I was not altogether comfortable without *them*.

75. So for the present, we planned a summer-time in Switzerland, not of travelling, but chiefly stay in Chamouni, to give me mountain air, and the long coveted power of examining the Mont Blanc rocks accurately. My mother loved Chamouni nearly as much as I; but this plan was of severe self-denial to my father, who did not like snow, nor wooden-walled rooms.

But he gave up all his own likings for me, and let me plan the stages through France as I chose, by Rouen, Chartres, Fontainebleau, and Auxerre. A pencil-sketch or two at first show only want of faith in my old manner, and more endeavour for light and shade, futile enough. The flat cross-country between Chartres and Fontainebleau, with an oppressive sense of Paris to the north, fretted

me wickedly; when we got to the Fountain of Fair Water I lay feverishly wakeful through the night, and was so heavy and ill in the morning that I could not safely travel, and fancied some bad sickness was coming on. However, towards twelve o'clock the inn people brought me a little basket of wild strawberries; and they refreshed me, and I put my sketch-book in pocket and tottered out, though still in an extremely languid and woe-begone condition; and getting into a cart-road among some young trees, where there was nothing to see but the blue sky through thin branches, lay down on the bank by the roadside to see if I could sleep. But I couldn't, and the branches against the blue sky began to interest me, motionless as the branches of a tree of Jesse on a painted window

Feeling gradually somewhat livelier, and that I wasn't going to die this time, and be buried in the sand, though I couldn't for the present walk any farther, I took out my book, and began to draw a little aspen tree, on the other side of the cart-road, carefully

76. How I had managed to get into that

utterly dull cart-road, when there were sandstone rocks to be sought for, the Fates, as I have so often to observe, only know; but I was never fortunate enough to find at Fontainebleau any of the sublimities which I hear vaunted by French artists, and which disturbed poor Evelyn's mind nearly as much as the 'horrid Alp' of Clifton:—

'7th March (1644). I set forwards with some company towards Fontaine Bleau, a sumptuous palace of the King's like ours at Hampton Court. By the way we passe through a forest so prodigiously encompass'd with hideous rocks of whitish hard stone, heaped one on another in mountainous heights, that I think the like is nowhere to be found more horrid and solitary. On the summit of one of these gloomy precipices, intermingled with trees and shrubs, the stones hanging over and menacing ruin, is built an hermitage.'

I believe this passage to be accurately characteristic of the pure English mind about rocks. If they are only big enough to look as if they would break your head if they fell on it, it is all an Englishman asks, or can

understand, of them. The modern thirst for self-glorification in getting to the top of them is indeed often accompanied with good interest in geographical and other science; and nice boys and girls *do* enjoy their climbing, and lunching in fields of primula. But I never trace a word in one of their journals of sorrow for the destruction of any Swiss scene or Swiss character, so only that they have their own champagne at lunch.

77. The 'hideous rocks' of Fontainebleau were, I grieve to say, never hideous enough to please me. They always seemed to me no bigger than I could pack and send home for specimens, had they been worth carriage; and in my savage dislike of palaces and straight gravel walks, I never found out the spring which was the soul of the place. And to-day, I missed rocks, palace, and fountain all alike, and found myself lying on the bank of a cart-road in the sand, with no prospect whatever but that small aspen tree against the blue sky.

Languidly, but not idly, I began to draw it; and as I drew, the languor passed away: the beautiful lines insisted on being traced,

—without weariness. More and more beautiful they became, as each rose out of the rest, and took its place in the air. With wonder increasing every instant, I saw that they 'composed' themselves, by finer laws than any known of men. At last, the tree was there, and everything that I had thought before about trees, nowhere.

The Norwood ivy had not abased me in that final manner, because one had always felt that ivy was an ornamental creature, and expected it to behave prettily, on occasion. But that all the trees of the wood (for I saw surely that my little aspen was only one of their millions) should be beautiful—more than Gothic tracery, more than Greek vase-imagery, more than the daintiest embroiderers of the East could embroider, or the artfullest painters of the West could limn,—this was indeed an end to all former thoughts with me, an insight into a new silvan world.

Not silvan only. The woods, which I had only looked on as wilderness, fulfilled I then saw, in their beauty, the same laws which guided the clouds, divided the light, and

balanced the wave. 'He hath made everything beautiful, in his time,' became for me thenceforward the interpretation of the bond between the human mind and all visible things; and I returned along the wood-road feeling that it had led me far;—Farther than ever fancy had reached, or theodolite measured.

78. To my sorrow, and extreme surprise, I find no diary whatever of the feelings or discoveries of this year. They were too many, and bewildering, to be written. I did not even draw much,—the things I now saw were beyond drawing,—but took to careful botany, while the month's time set apart for the rocks of Chamouni was spent in merely finding out what was to be done, and where. By the chance of guide dispensation, I had only one of the average standard, Michel Devouassoud, who knew his way to the show places, and little more; but I got the fresh air and the climbing; and thought over my Fontainebleau thoughts, by sweeter springs. The entry above quoted (p. 87), of Dec. 11th, the only one I can find of all the year's journeying, is very notable to me.

in showing that the impulse which threw the new thoughts into the form of 'Modern Painters,' came to me in the fulfilment of the one disagreeable duty I persisted in,—going to church! But it came to me, two years following, in my true mother-town of Geneva.

We went home in 1842 by the Rhine and Flanders: and at Cologne and St. Quentin I made the last drawings ever executed in my old manner. That of the great square at Cologne was given to Osborne Gordon, and remains I believe with his sister, Mrs. Pritchard. The St. Quentin has vanished into space.

79. We returned once more to the house at Herne Hill, and the lovely drawings Turner had made for me, Ehrenbreitstein and Lucerne, were first hung in its little front dining-room. But the Herne Hill days, and many joys with them, were now ended.

Perhaps my mother had sometimes—at Hampton Court, or Chatsworth, or Isola-Bella—admitted into her quiet soul the idea that it might be nice to have a larger garden. Sometimes a gold-tasseled Oxford friend

would come out from Cavendish or Grosvenor Square to see me; and there was only the little back room opposite the nursery for him to wash his hands in. As his bank-balance enlarged, even my father thought it possible that his country customers might be more impressed by enjoying their after-dinner sherry with more room for their legs. And, now that I was of age and B A. and so on—did not *I* also want a larger house?

No, good reader; but ever since first I could drive a spade, I had wanted to dig a canal, and make locks on it, like Harry in 'Harry and Lucy.' And in the field at the back of the Denmark Hill house, now, in this hour of all our weaknesses, offered in temp-*tation, I saw my way to a canal with any* number of locks down towards Dulwich.

It is very wonderful to me, looking back, to remember this, and how entirely boyish—and very young-boyish, too—I was still, in all instincts of personal delight: while yet, looking out of myself, I saw farther than Kings of Naples or Cardinals of Rome.

80. Yet there was much, and very closely balanced, debate, before the house was taken.

My mother wisely, though sadly, said it was too late for her; she could not now manage a large garden: and my father, feeling his vanity had more than a word in the matter, besides all that might rightly be alleged of what was now convenient and becoming, hesitated painfully, as he had done about his first Copley Fielding.

But at last the lease of the larger house was bought: and everybody said how wise and proper; and my mother *did* like arranging the rows of pots in the big greenhouse; and the view from the breakfast-room into the field was really very lovely. And we bought three cows, and skimmed our own cream, and churned our own butter. And there was a stable, and a farmyard, and a haystack, and a pigstye, and a porter's lodge, where undesirable visitors could be stopped before startling us with a knock. But, for all these things, we never were so happy again. Never any more 'at home.'

81. At Champagnole, yes; and in Chamouni,—in La Cloche, at Dijon,—in La Cygne, at Lucerne. All these places were of the old time. But though we had many

happy days in the Denmark Hill house, none of our new ways ever were the same to us as the old: the basketfuls of peaches had not the flavour of the numbered dozen or score; nor were all the apples of the great orchard worth a single dishful of the Siberian crabs of Herne Hill.

And I never got my canal dug, after all! Harry's making the lock-gates himself had indeed always seemed to me too magnificent! inimitable if not incredible: but also, I had never, till now that the need came, entered into the statistics of water supply. The gardeners wanted all that was in the butts for the greenhouse. Nothing but a dry ditch, incommodious to the cows, I saw to be possible, and resigned myself to destiny: yet the bewitching idea never went out of my head, and some water-works, on the model of Fontainebleau, were verily set aflowing—twenty years afterwards, as will be told.*

82. The next year, there was travelling enough for us up and down the new garden walks. Also, the first volume of 'Modern

* See 'Joanna's Care.'

Painters' took the best of the winter's leisure: the summer was broken by some formal term-keeping at Oxford. There is nothing in diary worth noting, except a word about Camberwell church window, to which I must return in connection with things yet far ahead.

The said first volume must have been out by my father's birthday; its success was assured by the end of the year, and on January 1st, 1844, 'my father brought me in the "Slaver" for a New Year's gift,'—knowing well, this time, how to please me. I had it at the foot of my bed next morning, like my own 'Loch Achray' of old. But the pleasure of one's own first painting everybody can understand. The pleasure of a new Turner to me, nobody ever will, and it's no use talking of it.

own, not desolate nor terrible, but wholly beautiful, upper region of rose and snow.

Of my early joy in Milan, I have already told; of Geneva, there is no telling, though I must now give what poor picture I may of the days we spent there, happy to young and old alike, again and again, in '33, '35, '42, and now, with *full deliberation*, in '44, *know*-ing, and, in their repetitio[illegible]ice, and thrice, and four times, magnify[illegible] ell-remem-

learned, and busy, to a man, to a woman—to a boy, to a girl, of them; progressing to and fro mostly on their feet, and only where they had business. And this bird's-nest of a place, to be the centre of religious and social thought, and of physical beauty, to all living Europe! That is to say, thinking and designing Europe,—France, Germany, and Italy. They, and their pieties, and their prides, their arts and their insanities, their wraths and slaughters, springing and flowering, building and fortifying, foaming and thundering round this inconceivable point of patience: the most lovely spot, and the most notable, without any possible dispute, of the European universe; yet the nations do not covet it, do not gravitate to it,—what is more wonderful, do not make a wilderness of it. They fight their battles at Chalons and Leipsic, they build their cotton mills on the Aire, and leave the Rhone running with a million of Aire power,—all pure. They build their pleasure houses on Thames shingle, and Seine mud, to look across to Lambeth, and—whatever *is* on the other side of the Seine. They found their military powers in the sand of Berlin, and

leave this precipice-guarded plain in peace. And yet it rules them, — is the focus of thought to them, and of passion, of science, and of *contrat sociale;* of rational conduct, and of decent—and other—manners. Saussure's school and Calvin's,—Rousseau's and Byron's,—Turner's,—

lane-sides, lived the Genevoise poor; in their garrets,—their laborious upper spinning or watch-wheel cutting rooms,—their dark niches and angles of lane: mostly busy; the infirm and old all seen to and cared for, their porringers filled and their pallet-beds made, by household care.

But, outside the ramparts, no more poor. A sputter, perhaps, southward, along the Savoy road; but in all the champaign round, no mean rows of cubic lodgings with Doric porches; no squalid fields of mud and thistles; no deserts of abandoned brickfield and insolvent kitchen garden. On the instant, outside Geneva gates, perfectly smooth, clean, trim-hedged or prim-walled country roads; the main broad one intent on far-away things, its signal-posts inscribed 'Route de Paris;' branching from it, right and left, a labyrinth of equally well-kept ways for fine carriage wheels, between the gentlemen's houses with their farms; each having its own fifteen to twenty to fifty acres of mostly meadow, rich-waving always (in my time for being there) with grass and flowers, like a kaleidoscope. Stately plane trees, aspen and walnut,—

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And of course, I was going to say, mine; but I didn't write all that last page to end so. Yet Geneva had better have ended with educating me and the likes of me, instead of the people who have hold of it now, with their polypous knots of houses, communal with 'London, Paris, and New York.'

Beneath which, and on the esplanades of the modern casino, New York and London now live—no more the Genevese. What their home once was, I must try to tell, as I saw it.

85. First, it was a notable town for keeping all its poor,—inside of it. In the very centre, where an English town has its biggest square, and its Exchange on the model of the Parthenon, built for the sake of the builder's commission on the cost; there, on their little pile-propped island, and by the steep

lane-sides, lived the Genevoise poor; in their garrets,—their laborious upper spinning or watch-wheel cutting rooms,—their dark niches and angles of lane: mostly busy; the infirm and old all seen to and cared for, their porringers filled and their pallet-beds made, by household care.

But, outside the ramparts, no more poor. A sputter, perhaps, southward, along the Savoy road; but in all the champaign round, no mean rows of cubic lodgings with Doric porches; no squalid fields of mud and thistles; no deserts of abandoned brickfield and insolvent kitchen garden. On the instant, outside Geneva gates, perfectly smooth, clean, trim-hedged or prim-walled country roads; the main broad one intent on far-away things, its signal-posts inscribed 'Route de Paris;' branching from it, right and left, a labyrinth of equally well-kept ways for fine carriage wheels, between the gentlemen's houses with their farms; each having its own fifteen to twenty to fifty acres of mostly meadow, rich-waving always (in my time for being there) with grass and flowers, like a kaleidoscope. Stately plane trees, aspen and walnut—

sometimes in avenue,—casting breezy, never gloomy, shade round the dwelling-house. A dwelling-house indeed, all the year round; no travelling from it to fairer lands possible; no shutting up for seasons in town; hay-time and fruit-time, school-time and play, for generation after generation, within the cheerful white domicile with its green shutters and shingle roof,—pinnacled perhaps, humorously, at the corners, glittering on the edges with silvery tin. 'Kept up' the whole place, and all the neighbours' places, not ostentatiously, but perfectly: enough gardeners to mow, enough vintagers to press, enough nurses to nurse; no foxes to hunt, no birds to shoot; but every household felicity possible to prudence and honour, felt and fulfilled from infancy to age.

86. Where the grounds came down to the waterside, they were mostly built out into it, till the water was four or five feet deep, lapping up, or lashing, under breeze, against the terrace wall. Not much boating; fancy wherries, unmanageable, or too adventurous, upon the wild blue; and Swiss boating a serious market and trade business, unfashionable

in the high rural empyrean of Geneva. But between the Hotel des Etrangers, (one of these country-houses open to the polite stranger, some half-mile out of the gates, where Salvador took us in '33 and '35) and the town, there were one or two landing-places for the raft-like flat feluccas; and glimpses of the open lake and things beyond, —glimpses only, shut off quickly by garden walls, until one came to the inlet of lake-water moat which bent itself under the ramparts back to the city gate. This was crossed, for people afoot who did not like going round to that main gate, by the delicatest of filiform suspension bridges; strong enough it looked to carry a couple of lovers over in safety, or a nursemaid and children, but nothing heavier. One was allowed to cross it for a centime, which seemed to me always a most profitable transaction, the portress receiving placidly a sort of dirty flattened sixpence, (I forget its name) and returning me a waistcoat-pocketful of the loveliest little clean-struck centimes; and then one might stand on the bridge any time, in perfect quiet. (The Genevese didn't like paying the centime, and

went round by the gate.) Two swans, drifting about underneath, over a couple of fathoms of purest green water, and the lake really opening from the moat, exactly where the Chamouni range of aiguilles rose beyond it far away. In our town walks we used always to time getting back to the little bridge at sunset, there to wait and watch.

87. That was the way of things on the north side; on the south, the town is still, in the main buildings of it, as then; the group of officially aristocratic houses round the cathedral and college presenting the same inaccessible sort of family dignity that they do to-day; only, since then, the Geneva Liberals——Well, I will not say what they have done; the main town stands still on its height of pebble-gravel, knit almost into rock; and still the upper terraces look across the variously mischievous Liberal works to the open southern country, rising in steady slope of garden, orchard, and vineyard—sprinkled with pretty farm-houses and bits of chateau, like a sea-shore with shells; rising always steeper and steeper, till the air gets rosy in the distance, then blue, and the great

walnut-trees have become dots, and the farmsteads, minikin as if they were the fairy-finest of models made to be packed in a box; and then, instant—above vineyard, above farmstead, above field and wood, leaps up the Salève cliff, two thousand feet into the air.

88. I don't think anybody who goes to Geneva ever sees the Salève. For the most part, no English creature ever *does* see farther than over the way; and the Salève, unless you carefully peer into it, and make out what it is, pretends to be nothing,—a long, low swell like the South Downs, I fancy most people take it for, and look no more. Yet there are few rocks in the high Alps more awful than the 'Angle' of the Salève, at its foot—seven Shakespeare's Cliffs set one on the top of another, and all of marble.*

On the other side of the high town the houses stand closer, leaving yet space for a little sycamore-shaded walk, whence one looks down on the whole southern reach of lake,

* Not Parian, indeed, nor Carrara, but an extremely compact limestone, in which the compressed faulted veins are of marble indeed, and polish beautifully.

opening wide to the horizon, and edged there like the sea, but in the summer sunshine looking as if it was the one well of blue which the sunbeams drank to make the sky of. Beyond it, ghostly ranges of incredible mountains—the Dent d'Oche, and first cliffs towards Fribourg; to the west, the long wave of Jura, fading into the air above Neuchatel.

That was the view for full noon, when the lake was brightest and bluest. Then you fell down a perpendicular lane into the lower town again, and you went to Mr. Bautte's.

89. Virtually there was no other jeweller in Geneva, in the great times. There were some respectable, uncompetitive shops, not dazzling, in the main street; and smaller ones, with an average supply of miniature watches, that would go well for ten years; and uncostly, but honest, trinketry. But one went to Mr. Bautte's with awe, and of necessity, as one did to one's bankers. There was scarcely any external sign of Bautte whatever—a small brass plate at the side of a narrow arched door, into an alley—into a secluded alley—leading into a monastic courtyard, out of which—or rather out of the alley, where it

opened to the court, you ascended a winding stair, wide enough for two only, and came to a green door, swinging, at the top of it; and there you paused to summon courage to enter.

A not large room, with a single counter at the further side. Nothing shown on the counter. Two confidential attendants behind it, and—it might possibly be Mr. Bautte!—or his son—or his partner—or anyhow the Ruling power—at his desk beside the back window. You told what you wanted: it was necessary to know your mind, and to be sure you *did* want it; there was no showing of things for temptation at Bautte's. You wanted a bracelet, a brooch, a watch—plain or enamelled. Choice of what was wanted was quietly given. There were no big stones, nor blinding galaxies of wealth. Entirely sound workmanship in the purest gold that could be worked; fine enamel for the most part, for colour, rather than jewels; and a certain Bauttesque subtlety of linked and wreathed design, which the experienced eye recognized when worn in Paris or London. Absolutely just and moderate price; wear,—to the end of

your days. You came away with a sense of duty fulfilled, of treasure possessed, and of a new foundation to the respectability of your family.

You returned into the light of the open street with a blissful sense of a parcel being made up to be sent after you, and in the consequently calm expatiation of mind, went usually to watch the Rhone.

Bautte's was in the main street, out of which one caught glimpses, down the short cross ones, of the passing water, as at Sandgate, or the like fishing towns, one got peeps of the sea. With twenty steps you were beside it.

90. For all other rivers there is a surface, and an underneath, and a vaguely displeasing idea of the bottom. But the Rhone flows like one lambent jewel; its surface is nowhere, its ethereal self is everywhere, the iridescent rush and translucent strength of it blue to the shore, and radiant to the depth.

Fifteen feet thick, of not flowing, but flying water; not water, neither,—melted glacier, rather, one should call it; the force of the ice is with it, and the wreathing of the clouds, the

gladness of the sky, and the continuance of Time.

Waves of clear sea are, indeed, lovely to watch, but they are always coming or gone, never in any taken shape to be seen for a second. But here was one mighty wave that was always itself, and every fluted swirl of it, constant as the wreathing of a shell. No wasting away of the fallen foam, no pause for gathering of power, no helpless ebb of discouraged recoil; but alike through bright day and lulling night, the never-pausing plunge, and never-fading flash, and never-hushing whisper, and, while the sun was up, the ever-answering glow of unearthly aquamarine, ultramarine, violet-blue, gentian-blue, peacock-blue, river-of-paradise blue, glass of a painted window melted in the sun, and the witch of the Alps flinging the spun tresses of it for ever from her snow.

91. The innocent way, too, in which the river used to stop to look into every little corner. Great torrents always seem angry, and great rivers too often sullen; but there is no anger, no disdain, in the Rhone. It seemed as if the mountain stream was in mere

bliss at recovering itself again out of the lake-sleep, and raced because it rejoiced in racing, fain yet to return and stay. There were pieces of wave that danced all day as if Perdita were looking on to learn; there were little streams that skipped like lambs and leaped like chamois; there were pools that shook the sunshine all through them, and were rippled in layers of overlaid ripples, like crystal sand; there were currents that twisted the light into golden braids, and inlaid the threads with turquoise enamel; there were strips of stream that had certainly above the lake been millstreams, and were looking busily for mills to turn again; there were shoots of stream that had once shot fearfully into the air, and now sprang up again laughing that they had only fallen a foot or two;—and in the midst of all the gay glittering and eddied lingering, the noble bearing by of the midmost depth, so mighty, yet so terrorless and harmless, with its swallows skimming instead of petrels, and the dear old decrepit town as safe in the embracing sweep of it as if it were set in a brooch of sapphire.

92. And the day went on, as the river; but

I never felt that I wasted time in watching the Rhone. One used to get giddy sometimes, or discontentedly envious of the fish. Then one went back for a walk in the penthouse street, long ago gone. There was no such other street anywhere. *Penthouses five stories* high, not so much for the protection of the people in the street as to keep the plash of heavy rain from the house windows, so that these might be the more safely open. Beam-pillars of squared pine, with one cross-tie beam, the undecorative structural arrangement, Swiss to the very heart and pitch of it, picturesque in comfort, stately and ancient without decay, and rough, here in mid Geneva, more than in the hill solitudes.

93. We arrived at Geneva on 1st June, 1844, with plan of another month at Chamouni; and fine things afterwards, which also came prosperously to pass. I had learned to draw now with great botanical precision; and could colour delicately, to a point of high finish I was interested in everything, from clouds to lichens. Geneva was more wonderful to me, the Alps more living and mighty, than ever; Chamouni more peaceful.

We reached the Prieure on the 6th June, and found poor Michel Devouassoud's climbing days ended. He had got a chill, and a cough; medicined himself with absinthe, and was now fast dying. The body of guides had just sustained a graver loss, by the superannuation, according to law, in his sixtieth year, of Joseph Couttet, the Captain of Mont Blanc, and bravest at once and most sagacious of the old school of guides. Partly in regard for the old man, partly in respect for us, now favourably known in Chamouni, the law was relaxed by the Chef des Guides in our favour, and Couttet came to us on the morning of the 7th of June. My father explained to him that he wanted me taken charge of on the hills, and not permitted in any ambitious attempts, or taken into any dangerous places; and that, from what he had heard of Couttet's trustworthiness, and knowledge of his mountains, he had no doubt that I should be safe with him, and might learn more under his tutelage, in safety, than by the most daring expeditions under inferior masters. Couttet said little, but accepted the charge with a kindly glitter in his eyes, and a cheerful word or two,

signifying that my father need not fear for me; and we set out together for the base of the Buet,—I on muleback, he walking.

For thirty years he remained my tutor and companion. Had he been my drawing-master also, it would have been better for me: if my work pleased Couttet, I found afterwards it was always good; and he knew perfectly when I was trying vainly to do what I could not, or foolishly what no one else would care for.

The month at Chamouni, however, passed with his approval, and to my perfect benefit. I made two foreground studies in colour, of considerable beauty; and, under his teaching, began to use my alpenstock easily, and to walk with firmness.

94. Of our habitual Chamouni life—papa's, mamma's, and mine—I shall give account further on: I take from this year's diary only the note on first reaching the bases of the aiguilles.

'At last, on steep inclined planes of snow, reached the base of the little Charmoz; but was amazed to find that the size of the aiguilles seemed to diminish with every step

of approach, after a certain point, and that, thus seen (the aiguille) Blaitière, though still 3,000 feet above us, looked a mere rock, ascendable in a quarter of an hour.' Of course, after being used to the higher rocks, one begins to measure them in their own way; but where there is nothing to test scale—where the air is perfectly mist-less, and the mountain masses are divided into sheets whose *edges* are the height of Dover cliffs, it is impossible effectually to estimate their magnitude but by trying them.'

This bit of moonlight is perhaps worth keeping: '28th June, half-past ten.—I never was dazzled by moonlight until now; but as it rose from behind the Mont Blanc du Tacul, the full moon almost blinded me: it burst forth into the sky like a vast star. For an hour before, the aiguilles had appeared as dark masses against a sky looking as transparent as clear sea, edged at their summits with fleeces of cloud breaking into glorious spray and foam of white fire. A meteor fell over the Dôme as the moon rose: now it is so intensely bright that I cannot see the Mont

Blanc underneath it; the form is lost in its light.'

Many and many an hour of precious time and perfect sight was spent, during these years, in thus watching skies; much was written which would be useful—if I took a year to put it together,—to myself; but, in the present smoky world, to no other creature: and much was learned, which is of no use now to anybody; for to me it is only sorrowful memory, and to others, an old man's fantasy.

95 We left Chamouni on 4th July; on the 8th I find this entry at St. Gingoulph: 'We dined late, which kept me later from my walk than I like, and it was wet with recent rain; but the glades of greensward under groves of Spanish chesnut all the greener for it. Such richness I never saw in Italy, the hay just cut, leaving the grass crisp and short; the grey trunks and rich leaves mixed with mossy rock, and the cliffs above, nobler than Amalfi: the sunset sent down rays of opaque gold between me and the Jura, bringing out the successive rises of the Pays de Vaud; the Jura a golden shadow, sharp-edged and baseless in the sky.'

Hence, we crossed the Simplon to Baveno and back,—for the Simplon's and Lago Maggiore's sake only.

'Baveno, July 12th.—I have more feeling for Italy than ever, but it makes me deeply sad. The vines and pasture about this place make it a Paradise; the people are fine-featured, and singularly graceful in motion; but there is every appearance of hopeless vice. Four men have been playing cards and drinking, without stirring, in the inn-yard since twelve o'clock (noon. I had come in from an evening walk), and the gardens and enclosed spots of ground are foul as dunghills. The Isola Bella is fast going to decay—all the stucco of it green, damp, shattered, covered with weeds and dead leaves; yet the flowers and foliage of surpassing beauty.'

And to this day, the uselessness of San Carlo's memory is to me one of the entirely wonderfullest things in Catholic history;—that Rome should go on sending missionaries to China, and, within a thousand yards across the water from St. Carlo's isle, leave the people of her own Italy's Garden of Eden in

guilt and misery. I call the Lago Maggiore district the Eden of Italy; for there are no solfataras there, no earthquakes, no pestiferous marsh, no fever-striking sunshine. Purest air, richest earth, loveliest wave; and the same noble race that founded the architecture of Italy at Como.

Left to die, like the green lizards, in the blind clefts of their rocks, whence they see no God.

96. 'Village of Simplon, 15th June.—At eight this evening I was sitting on the highest col of the Simplon, watching the light die on the Breithorn; nothing round me but rock and lichen, except one purple flower,' (coloured and very accurate drawing, at the side, of Linaria Alpina,) 'and the forget-me-not, which grows everywhere. My walk home was very lovely, star after star coming out above my head, the white hills gleaming among them; the gulph of pines, with the torrent, black and awful below; lights breaking softly through cottage windows.

'Cassiopeia is rising above a piny mountain, exactly opposite my window.'

The linaria must have been brought 'home'

(the Simplon village inn was already more that to me than ever Denmark Hill), and painted next morning—it could not have been so rightly coloured at night; also the day had been a heavy one. At six, morning, I had visited Signor Zanetti, and reviewed his collection of pictures on Isola Pescatore; walked up most of the defile of Gondo; and the moment we got to the Simplon village, dashed off to catch the sunset from the col; five miles up hill against time, (and walk against time up a regular slope of eight feet in the hundred is the most trying foot-work I know,) five miles back under the stars, with the hills not *under* but *among* them, and careful entry, of which I have only given a sentence, make up a day which shows there was now no farther need to be alarmed about my health. My good father, who was never well in the high air, and hated the chills from patches of melting snow, stayed nevertheless all next day at the village, to let me climb the long-coveted peak west of the Simplon col, which forms the great precipice on the Brieg side. 'It commanded the Valais far down, the Bernese Alps in their whole extent,

and two great mountains beyond the valley of Saas.' These were the Weisshorn, and lower peak nearer Zermatt.

97. That evening James Forbes and his wife were with us in the otherwise untenanted salle-à-manger (see 'Deucalion,' Chap. X.), and next morning, the 17th, 'I set off at six to visit the Père Barras, (formerly Clavendiér of the great St. Bernard, now at the monastery of the Simplon,) 'On the Sempione,' (I meant the Fletsch-horn,) 'a field of cirri, bounded by a contour like that of common cirrostrati, convex and fishy, but composed of the most exquisite sandy and silky forms, all in most rapid motion, but forming and vanishing, as usual, exactly at the same point, so that the mass was stationary. Reached the col in two hours of very slow walking, and breakfasted with the Father. He showed me the spot where the green actynolite is found, directly behind the convent. One of his dogs saw him with his hat on, and waited in the passage, barking furiously with delight. He parted from me half a mile down on this side (Brieg side), and I waited at the second gallery for the carriage.'

98. Thus the Christian peasant had lived in the Alps, unthought of, for two thousand years—since Christ broke bread for His multitude; and lived thus under the direct care of the Catholic Church—for Sion, the capital of the Valais, is one of the grandest of old bishoprics; and just below this valley of black bread, the little mountain towns of Visp and Brieg are more groups of tinkling towers and convent cloisters than civic dwelling-places. As for the Catholic State, for a thousand years, while at every sunset Monte Rosa glowed across the whole Lombard plain, not a Lombard noble knew where the mountain was.

Yet, it may be, I err in my pity. I have many things yet to say of the Valais; meantime this passage from Saussure records a social state in 1796, which, as compared with that of the poor in our great capitals, is one neither of discomfort nor disgrace:—

"La sobriété, compagne ordinaire de l'amour du travail, est encore une qualité remarquable des habitants de ces vallées. Ce pain de seigle, dont j'ai parlé, qu'on ne mange que six mois après qu'il est cuit, on

le ramollit dans du petit lait ou dans du lait de beurre, et cette espèce de soupe fait leur principale nourriture; le fromage et un peu de vieille vache ou de chèvre salées, se réservent pour les jours de fête ou pour le temps de grands travaux; car pour la viande fraîche, ils n'en mangent jamais, c'est un mets trop dispendieux. Les gens riches du pays vivent avec la même économie; je voyois notre hôte de Macugnaga, qui n'étoit rien moins que pauvre, aller tous les soirs prendre, dans un endroit fermé à clef, une pincée d'aulx dont il distribuoit gravement une gousse à sa femme, et autant à chacun de ses enfants, et cette gousse d'ail étoit l'assaisonnement unique d'un morceau de pain sec qu'ils brisoient entre deux pierres, & qu'ils mangeoient pour leur souper. Ceux d'entr'eux qui négocient au-dehors, viennent au moins une fois tous les deux ans passer quelques mois dans leur village; et quoique hors de chez eux ils prennent l'habitude d'une meilleure nourriture, ils se remettent sans peine à celle de leur pays, et ne le quittent qu'avec un extrême regret; j'ai été témoin d'un ou deux de ces départs, qui m'ont attendri jusqu'aux larmes."

Verte again, and was given another fortnight for Chamouni; the old people staying at the Trois Couronnes of Vevay. I spent the days usefully, going first up to the base of the Aiguille d'Argentière, which commands the glorious white ocean of the Tours glacier below, and, opposite, the four precipices of the Aiguille Verte on its north-east flank; and that day, 27th July, we saw a herd of more than thirty chamois on the Argentière. 'Pour les voir, faut aller où ils sont,' said Couttet; and he might have added, where other living things are not; for, whether by shepherd or traveller, the snows round the Aiguilles of Chardonnet and Argentière are the least trodden of all the Mont Blanc fields. The herd was in three groups, twelve in one of them only; and did not put itself to speed, but retired slowly when we got within a quarter of a mile of them, each stopping to look back from the ridge behind which they disappeared.

100. 'Iceland moss' (says the diary), 'in enormous quantities amongst the Alpine roses, above the Argentière glacier—not growing at all, so far as I recollect, but on the hills on

how?' I asked, in surprise; 'it seems to me quite tame beside the Rubens.' 'That may be,' said Richmond, 'but the Veronese is true, the other violently conventional.' 'In what way true?' I asked, still not understanding. 'Well,' said Richmond, 'compare the pure shadows on the flesh, in Veronese, and its clear edge, with Rubens's ochre and vermilion, and outline of asphalt.'

102. No more was needed. From that moment, I saw what was meant by Venetian colour; yet during 1843, and early 1844, was so occupied with 'Modern Painters,' degree-getting, and studies of foliage and foreground, that I cannot understand how I had reached, in picture knowledge, the point shown by these following entries, of which indeed the first shows that the gain surprised me at the time, but foolishly regards it only as a change coming to pass in the Louvre on the instant, and does not recognize it as the result of growth: the fact being, I suppose, that the habit of looking for true colour in nature had made me sensitive to the modesty and dignity of hues in painting also, before possessing no charm for me.

dignity of expression wrought out by mere grandeur of colour and composition.

'I found myself finally in the Louvre, fixed by this Titian, and turning to it, and to the one (picture), exactly opposite, John and Gentile Bellini, by John Bellini. I was a long time hesitating between this and Raphael's dark portrait; but decided for the John Bellini.

'Aug. 18th. To-morrow we leave. I have been watching the twilight on the Tuileries, which was very grand and clear; and planning works. I shall try to paint a Madonna some day, I believe.'

winter,—and there are no diaries; but, for the first time, I took up Turner's 'Liber Studiorum' instead of engravings; mastered its principles, practised its method, and by spring-time in 1845 was able to study from nature accurately in full chiaroscuro, with a good frank power over the sepia tinting.

I must have read also, that winter, Rio's 'Poésie Chrétienne,' and Lord Lindsay's introduction to his 'Christian Art.' And perceiving thus, in some degree, what a blind bat and puppy I had been, all through Italy, determined that at least I must see Pisa and Florence again before writing another word of 'Modern Painters.'

105. How papa and mamma took this new vagary, I have no recollection; resignedly, at least: perhaps they also had some notion that I might think differently, and it was to be hoped in a more orthodox and becoming manner, after another sight of the Tribune. At all events, they concluded to give me my own way entirely this time; and what time I chose. My health caused them no farther anxiety; they could trust my word to take care of myself every day, just the same as if

only three months before my intended start for the Alps. Every time Turner saw me during the winter, he said something to dissuade me from going abroad; when at last I went to say good-bye, he came down with me into the hall in Queen Anne Street, and opening the door just enough for me to pass, laid hold of my arm, gripping it strongly. 'Why *will* you go to Switzerland—there'll be such a fidge about you, when you're gone.'

I am never able to collect myself in a moment, and am simply helpless on any sudden need for decision like this; the result being, usually, that I go on doing what I meant to do. If I say anything, it is sure to be wrong. I made no answer, but grasped his hand closely, and went. I believe he made up his mind that I was heartless and selfish; anyhow he took no more pains with me.

107. As it chanced, even while I sat over my trout at Champagnole, there was another expedition of the Francs Corps—M. Gaullieur does not say against whom, but only that it had 'une issue encore plus tragique que la

a fillet of veal rightly roasted, nor a Yorkshire pudding rightly basted, since Mary Stone left us to be married in 1836. Elizabeth, also not to be excelled in her line, was yet replaceable, when her career ended in the same catastrophe, by a third younger sister, Hannah; but I can't in the least remember who waited on us, till our perennial parlour-maid, Lucy Tovey, came to us in 1829—remaining with us till 1875. Her sister Harriet replaced Hannah Stone, who must needs be married, like Mary and Elizabeth, in 1834; nor did she leave us till the Denmark Hill household was broken up. But in 1842 another young housemaid came, Anne Hobbs, whose brother John Hobbs, called always at Denmark Hill, George, to distinguish him, in vocal summons, from my father and me, became my body servant in the same year, and only left me to push his higher fortune in 1854 I could not say before, without interrupting graver matters, that the idea of my not being able to dress myself began at Oxford, where it was thought becoming in a gentleman-commoner to have a squire to manage his scout. My good, honest, uninteresting Thomas Hughes, being

washing, the chiaroscuro is lowered from the high lights with extreme care down to the middle tones, and the main masses left in full shade.

A rhyme written to Mont Blanc at Geneva, and another in vituperation of the idle people at Conflans, were, I think, the last serious exertions of my poetical powers. I perceived finally that I could express nothing I had to say, rightly, in that manner; and the 'peace of mind' above referred to, which returns to me as the principal character of this opening journey, was perhaps, in part, the result of this extremely wholesome conclusion.

110. But also, the two full years, since the *flash of volcanic lightning at Naples*, had brought me into a deeper and more rational state of religious temper. I can scarcely yet call it religious thought; but the steadily read chapters, morning and evening, with the continual comparison between the Protestant and Papal services every Sunday abroad, made me feel that all dogmatic teaching was a matter of chance and habit; and that the life of religion depended on the force of faith, not the

Were it not better to bestow
Some place and power on me?
Then should Thy praises with me grow,
And share in my degree.

But when I thus dispute and grieve
I do resume my sight,
And pilfering what I once did give,
Disseize Thee of Thy right.

How know I, if Thou shouldst me raise,
That I should then raise Thee?
Perhaps great places and Thy praise
Do not so well agree!

Wherefore, unto my gift I stand,
I will no more advise,
Only do Thou lend me Thine hand,
Since Thou hast both mine eyes.

111. In these, and other such favourite verses, George Herbert, as aforesaid, was to me at this time, and has been since, useful beyond every other teacher; not that I ever attained to any likeness of feeling, but at least knew where I was myself wrong, or cold, in comparison. A little more force was also put on Bible study at this time, because I held myself responsible for George's tenets as well

I settled myself for ten days,—as I supposed. It turned out forty years.

The town is some thousand paces square; the unbroken rampart walk round may be a short three miles. There are upwards of twenty churches in that space, dating between the sixth and twelfth centuries; a ruined feudal palace and tower, unmatched except at Verona: the streets clean—cheerfully inhabited, yet quiet; nor desolate, even now. Two of the churches representing the perfectest phase of round-arched building in Europe, and one of them containing the loveliest Christian tomb in Italy.

The rampart walk, unbroken except by descents and ascents at the gates, commands every way the loveliest ranges of all the Tuscan Apennine: when I was there in 1845, besides the ruined feudal palace, there was a maintained Ducal Palace, with a living Duke in it, whose military band played every evening on the most floral and peaceful space of rampart. After a well-spent day, and a three-course dinner,—military band,—chains, double braided, of amethyst Apennine linked by golden clouds,—then the mountain air of

April, still soft as the marble towers grc unsubstantial in the starlight,—such tl monastic discipline of Lucca to my novitia mind.

113. I must stop to think a little how was that so early as this I could fasten on tl tomb of Ilaria di Caretto with certainty of i being a supreme guide to me ever after. Il get tiresome, the reader must skip; I wri for the moment, to amuse myself, and not hi The said reader, duly sagacious, must ha felt, long since, that, though very respectat people in our way, we were all of us definite vulgar people; just as my aunt's dog Towz was a vulgar dog, though a very good ai dear dog. Said reader should have seen al that we had not set ourselves up to have tasté in anything. There was never ai question about matching colours in furnitui or having the correct pattern in china. Ever thing for service in the house was boug plain, and of the best; our toys were wh we happened to take a fancy to in pleasa places—a cow in stalactite from Matlock, fisher-wife doll from Calais, a Swiss far from Berne, Bacchus and Ariadne fro

Carrara. But, among these toys, principal on the drawing-room chimney-piece, always put away by my mother at night, and 'put out' in the afternoon, were some pieces of Spanish clay, to which, without knowing it, I owed a quantity of strenuous teaching. Native baked clay figures, painted and gilded by untaught persons who had the gift; manufacture mainly practised along the Xeres coast, I believe, and of late much decayed, but then flourishing, and its work as good as the worker could make it. There was a Don Whiskerandos contrabandista, splendidly handsome and good-natured, on a magnificent horse at the trot, brightly caparisoned: everything finely finished, his gun loose in his hand. There was a lemonade seller, a pomegranate seller, a matador with his bull—animate all, and graceful, the colouring chiefly ruddy brown. Things of constant interest to me, and altogether wholesome; vestiges of living sculpture come down into the Herne Hill times, from the days of Tanagra.

For loftier admiration, as before told, Chantrey in Lichfield, Roubilliac in Westminster,

By the 'carving' I meant the niche work, which is indeed curiously rude at Rheims; by the 'Gothic' the structure and mouldings of arch, which I rightly call 'heavy' as compared with later French types; while the condemnation of the draperies meant that they were not the least like those either of Rubens or Roubilliac. And ten years had to pass over me before I knew better; but every day between the standing in Rheims porch and by Ilaria's tomb had done on me some chiselling to the good; and the discipline from the Fontainebleau time till now had been severe. The accurate study of tree branches, growing leaves, and foreground herbage, had more and more taught me the difference between violent and graceful lines; the beauty of Clotilde and Cécile, essentially French-Gothic, and the living Egeria of Araceli, had fixed in my mind and heart, not as an art-ideal, but as a sacred reality, the purest standards of breathing womanhood, and here suddenly, in the sleeping Ilaria, was the perfectness of these, expressed with harmonies of line which I saw in an instant were under the same laws as the river wave, and the aspen

and amiable people, not knowing what the word means; because they are always asking how much is true, and how much they like, and never ask, first, what *was* the total meaning of it, whether they like it or not.

The total meaning was, and is, that the God who made earth and its creatures, took at a certain time upon the earth, the flesh and form of man; in that flesh sustained the pain and died the death of the creature He had made; rose again after death into glorious human life, and when the date of the human race is ended, will return in visible human form, and render to every man according to his work. Christianity is the belief in, and love of, God thus manifested Anything less than this, the mere acceptance of the sayings of Christ, or assertion of any less than divine power in His Being, may be, for aught I know, enough for virtue, peace, and safety; but they do not make people Christians, or enable them to understand the heart of the simplest believer in the old doctrine. One verse more of George Herbert will put the height of that doctrine into less debateable, though

figurative, picture than any longer talk of mine :—

Hast thou not heard that my Lord Jesus died?
  Then let me tell thee a strange story.
The God of power, as he did ride
  In his majestic robes of glory,
    Resolved to light ; and so, one day
    He did descend, undressing all the way.

The stars his tire of light, and rings, obtained,
  The cloud his bow, the fire his spear,
The heavens his azure mantle gained,
  And when they asked what he would wear,
    He smiled, and said as he did go,
    'He had new clothes a-making, here, below.'

genius. No matter for their names; the contents of this wall-scripture are these.

First, the Triumph of Death, as Homer, Virgil, and Horace thought of death. Having been within sight of it myself, since Oxford days; and looking back already over a little Campo Santo of my own people, I was ready for that part of the lesson.

Secondly, the story of the Patriarchs, and of their guidance by the ministries of visible angels; that is to say, the ideal of the life of man in its blessedness, *before* the coming of Christ.

Thirdly, the story of Job, in direct converse with God himself, the God of nature, and without any reference to the work of Christ except in its final surety, 'Yet in my flesh I shall see God.'

Fourthly, the life of St. Ranier of Pisa, and of the desert saints, showing the ideal of human life in its blessedness *after* the coming of Christ.

Lastly, the return of Christ in glory, and the Last Judgment.

119. Now this code of teaching is absolutely general for the whole Christian world.

There is no papal doctrine, nor antipapal; nor any question of sect or schism whatsoever. Kings, bishops, knights, hermits, are there, because the painters saw them, and painted them, naturally, as we paint the nineteenth century product of common councilmen and engineers. But they did not conceive that a man must be entirely happy in this world and the next because he wore a mitre or helmet, as we do because he has made a fortune or a tunnel.

Not only was I prepared at this time for the teaching of the Campo Santo, but it was precisely what at that time I needed.

It realized for me the patriarchal life, showed me what the earlier Bible meant to say; and put into direct and inevitable light the questions I had to deal with, alike in my thoughts and ways, under existing Christian tradition.

Questions clearly not to be all settled in that fortnight. Some, respecting the Last Judgment, such as would have occurred to Professor Huxley,—as for instance, that if Christ came to judgment in St. James's Street, the people couldn't see him from

Piccadilly,—had been dealt with by me before now; but there is one fact, and no question at all, concerning the Judgment, which was only at this time beginning to dawn on me, that men had been curiously judging *themselves* by always calling the day they expected, 'Dies Iræ,' instead of 'Dies Amoris.'

120. Meantime, my own first business was evidently to read what these Pisans had said of it, and take some record of the sayings; for at that time the old-fashioned ravages were going on, honestly and innocently. Nobody cared for the old plaster, and nobody pretended to. When any dignitary of Pisa was to be buried, they peeled off some Benozzo Gozzoli, or whatever else was in the way, and put up a nice new tablet to the new defunct; but what was left was still all Benozzo, (or repainting of old time, not last year's restoration). I cajoled the Abbé Rosini into letting me put up a scaffold level with the frescoes; set steadily to work with what faculty in outline I had; and being by this time practised in delicate curves, by having drawn trees and grass rightly, got far better results than I had hoped, and had an

extremely happy fortnight of it! For as the triumph of Death was no new thought to me, the life of hermits was no temptation; but the stories of Abraham, Job, and St. Ranier, well told, were like three new — Scott's novels, I was going to say, and will say, for I don't see my way to anything nearer the fact, and the work on them was pure delight. I got an outline of Abraham's parting with the last of the three angels; of the sacrifice of Job; of the three beggars, and a fiend or two, out of the Triumph of Death; and of the conversion of St. Ranier, for which I greatly pitied him.

For he is playing, evidently with happiest skill, on a kind of zithern-harp, held upright as he stands, to the dance of four sweet Pisan maids, in a round, holding each other only by the bent little fingers of each hand. And one with graver face, and wearing a purple robe approaches him, saying—I knew once wha she said, but forget now; only it meant tha his joyful life in that kind was to be ende And he obeys her, and follows, into a nobl life.

I do not know if ever there was a real S

Ranier; but the story of him remained for truth in the heart of Pisa as long as Pisa herself lived.

121. I got more than outline of this scene: a coloured sketch of the whole group, which I destroyed afterwards, in shame of its faults, all but the purple-robed warning figure; and that is lost, and the fresco itself now lost also, all mouldering and ruined by what must indeed be a cyclical change in the Italian climate: the frescoes exposed to it of which I made note before 1850, seem to me to have suffered more in the twenty years since, than they had since they were painted· those at Verona alone excepted, where the art of fresco seems to have been practised in the fifteenth century in absolute perfection, and the colour to have been injured only by violence, not by time.

There was another lovely cloister in Pisa, without fresco, but exquisite in its arched perspective and central garden, and noble in its unbuttressed height of belfry tower;—the cloister of San Francesco: in these, and in the meadow round the baptistery, the routine of my Italian university life was now fixed

of city; or watched, of hills, or sunset; and I rarely drew,—to my sorrow, now. I wish I knew less, and had drawn more.

Homewards, from wherever we had got to, the moment the sun was down, and the last clouds had lost their colour. I avoided marshy places, if I could, at all times of the day, because I didn't like them; but I feared neither sun nor moon, dawn nor twilight, malaria nor anything else malefic, in the course of work, except only draughts and ugly people. I never would sit in a draught for half a minute, and fled from some sorts of beggars; but a crowd of the common people round me only made me proud, and try to draw as well as I could; mere rags or dirt I did not care an atom for.

123. As early as 1835, and as late as 1841, I had been accustomed, both in France and Italy, to feel that the crowd behind me was interested in my choice of subjects, and pleasantly applausive of the swift progress under my hand of street perspectives, and richness of surface decoration, such as might be symbolized by dextrous zigzags, emphatic dots, or graceful flourishes. I had the better

for a good many years in main material points.

122. In summer I have been always at work, or out walking, by six o'clock, usually awake by half-past four; but I keep to Pisa for the present, where my monkish discipline arranged itself thus. Out, anyhow, by six, quick walk to the field, and as much done as I could, and back to breakfast at half-past eight. Steady bit of Sismondi over bread and butter, then back to Campo Santo, draw till twelve; quick walk to look about me and stretch my legs, in shade if it might be, before lunch, on anything I chanced to see nice in a fruit shop, and a bit of bread. Back to lighter work, or merely looking and thinking, for another hour and a half, and to hotel for dinner at four. Three courses and a flask of Aleatico (a sweet, yet rather astringent, red, rich for Italian, wine—provincial, and with lovely basket-work round the bottle). Then out for saunter with Couttet; he having leave to say anything he had a mind to, but not generally communicative of his feelings; he carried my sketch-book, but in the evening there was too much always to be hunted out,

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every lesson and every joy of their ancestral art, far more deeply and vividly than in the days when every spring kindled them into battle, and every autumn was red with their blood: yet left now, alike by the laws and lords set over them, less happy in aimless life than of old in sudden death; never one effort made to teach them, to comfort them, to economize their industries, animate their pleasures, or guard their simplest rights from the continually more fatal oppression of unprincipled avarice, and unmerciful wealth.

124. But all this I have felt and learned, like so much else, too late. The extreme seclusion of my early training left me long careless of sympathy for myself; and that which I gave to others never led me into any hope of being useful to them, till my strength of active life was past. Also, my mind was not yet catholic enough to feel that the Campo Santo belonged to its own people more than

scarlet sash, and trousers woven (I should think) *from the wool of the black sheep* He astonishes me all the time by the great amount of good advice which he gives me about my work; and always right! Whenever he looks at my unfinished picture, he can always tell me exactly what it wants."

CHAPTER VII

MACUGNAGA.

125. WHEN first I saw Florence, in 1840, the great street leading into the Baptistery square from the south had not been rebuilt, but consisted of irregular ancient houses, with far projecting bracketed roofs I mourned over their loss bitterly in 1845; but for the rest, Florence was still, then, what no one who sees her now could conceive.

For one great feature, an avenue of magnificent cypress and laurel ascended, unbroken, from the Porta Romana to Bellosguardo, from whose height one could then wander round through lanes of olive, or through small rural vineyards, to San Miniato, which stood deserted, but not ruinous, with a narrow lawn of scented herbage before it, and sweet wild weeds about its steps, all shut in by a hedge of roses. The long ascending causeway between smaller cypresses than those of

Nobody ever disturbed me in the Ghirlandajo apse. There were no services behind the high altar; tourists, even the most learned, had never in those days heard Ghirlandajo's name; the sacristan was paid his daily fee regularly whether he looked after me or not. The lovely chapel, with its painted windows and companies of old Florentines, was left for me to do what I liked in, all the forenoon; and I wrote a complete critical and historical account of the frescoes from top to bottom of it, seated mostly astride on the desks, till I tumbled off backwards one day at the gap where the steps went down, but came to no harm, though the fall was really a more dangerous one than any I ever had in the Alps. The inkbottle was upset over the historical account however, and the closing passages a little shortened,—which saved some useful time.

127. When the chief bustle in the small sacristy, (a mere cupboard or ecclesiastical pantry, two steps up out of the transept) was over, with the chapel masses of the morning, I used to be let in there to draw the Angelico Annunciation,—about eleven inches

friends to be bothered with, you lay down on the next bank and went to sleep, to the song of the cicadas, which, with a great deal of making believe, might at last, somehow, be thought nice.

128. I did make one friend in Florence, however, for love of Switzerland, Rudolph Durheim, a Bernese student, of solid bearish gifts and kindly strength. I took to him at first because of a clearly true drawing he had made of his little blue-eyed twelve-years-old simplicity of a goat-herd sister; but found him afterwards a most helpful and didactic friend. He objected especially to my losing time in sentiment or over-hot vaporization, and would have had me draw something every afternoon, whether it suited my fancy or not. 'Ça vaut déjà la peine,' said he, stopping on the way to the Certosa, under a group of hillside cottages; it was my first serious lesson in Italian backgrounds; and if we had worked on together, so and so might have happened, as so often afore-said. But we separated, to our sorrow then, and harm, afterwards. I went off into higher and vainer vaporization at Venice; he went back to

Berne, and under the patronage of its aristocracy, made his black bread by dull portrait-painting to the end of a lost life. I saw the arid remnant of him in his Bernese painting, or daubing, room, many a year afterwards, and reproached the heartless Alps, for his sake.

129. Of other companionship in Florence, except Couttet's, I had none. I had good letters to Mr. Millingen, and of course a formal one to the British Embassy. I called on Mr. Millingen dutifully, but found he knew nothing after the fourth century B.C., and had as little taste for the Liber Studiorum as the Abbé Rosini. I waited on the Ambassador, and got him to use British influence enough to let me into the convent of the Magdalen, wherein I have always since greatly praised Perugino's fresco, with a pleasant feeling that nobody else could see it. I never went near the Embassy afterwards, nor the Embassy near me, till I sent my P. P. C. card by George, when I was going away, before ten in the morning, which caused Lord ——s porter to swear fearfully at George and his master both. And it was the last time I ever

had anything to do with Embassies, except through the mediation of pitying friends.

There was yet another young draughtsman in Florence, who lessoned me to purpose—a French youth;—his family name Dieudonné; I knew him by no other. He had trained himself to copy Angelico, in pencil tint, wrought with the point, as pure as the down on a butterfly's wing, and with perfect expression: typical engraving in grey, of inconceivable delicacy. I have never seen anything the least approaching it since, but did not then enough know its value. Dieudonné's prices were necessarily beyond those of the water-colour copyists, and he would not always work, even when the price was ready for him. He went back to France, and was effaced in the politeness of Paris, as Rudolph in the rudeness of Berne. Hard homes alike, their native cities, to them both.

130. My own work in Florence, this time, was chiefly thinking and writing—progressive, but much puzzled, and its Epicurean pieties a little too dependent on enamel and gilding. A study in the rose-garden of San Miniato, and in the cypress avenue of the

Porta Romana, remain to me, for memorials of perhaps the best days of early life.

Couttet, however, was ill at ease and out of temper in Florence, little tolerant of Italian manners and customs; and not satisfied that my studies in sacristies and cloisters were wise, or vials of myrrh and myrtle essence as good for me as the breeze over Alpine rose. He solaced himself by making a careful collection of all the Florentine wild-flowers for me, exquisitely pressed and dried,—now, to my sorrow, lost or burned with all other herbaria; they fretted me by bulging always in the middle, and crumbling, like parcels of tea, over my sketches.

At last the Arno dried up; or, at least, was reduced to the size of the Effra at Dulwich, with muddy shingle to the shore; and the grey 'pietra serena' of Fésole was like hot iron in the sun, sprinkled with sand. Also, I had pretty well tired myself out, and, for the present, spent all my pictorial language;—so that we all of us were pleased to trot over the Apennines, and see the gleam of Monte Rosa again from Piacenza and Pavia. Once it was in sight, I went straight for it, and

remember nothing more till we were well afoot in the Val Anzasca.

131. The afternoon rambles to Fésole and Bellosguardo, besides having often to stand for hours together writing notes in church or gallery, had kept me in fair training; and I did the twenty miles up hill from Vogogna to Macugnaga without much trouble, but in ever hotter indignation all the way at the extreme dulness of the Val Anzasca, 'the most beautiful valley in the Alps'—according to modern guide books. But tourists who pass their time mostly in looking at black rocks through blue spectacles, cannot be expected to know much about a valley:—on the other hand, ever since the days of Glenfarg and Matlock, I have been a stream-tracker and cliff-hunter, and rank mountains more by the beauty of their glens than the height of their summits: also, it chanced that our three first journeys abroad had shown me the unquestionably grandest defiles of the Alps in succession—first the Via Mala, then the St. Gothard, then the tremendous granites of the Grimsel; then Rosenlaui and Lauterbrunnen, Val d' Aosta and Cormayeur; then the valley

of the Inn and precipices of Innsbruck—and at last the Ortlerspitze and descent from the Stelvio to Como; with the Simplon and defile of Cluse now as well known as Gipsy Hill at Norwood: and the Val Anzasca has no feature whatever in any kind to be matched with any one of these. It is merely a deep furrow through continuous masses of shaly rock, blistered by the sun and rough with juniper, with scattered chestnut-trees and pastures below. There are no precipices, no defiles, no distinct summits on either flank; while the Monte Rosa, occasionally seen at the extremity of the valley, is a mere white heap, with no more form in it than a haycock after a thunder-shower.

132. Nor was my mind relieved by arrival at Macugnaga itself; I did not then, nor do I yet, understand why the village should have a name at all, more than any other group of half-a-dozen chalets in a sheltered dip of moorlands. There was a little inn, of which the upper floor was just enough for the landlord, Couttet, George and me;—once, during a month's stay, I remember seeing two British persons with knapsacks at the bottom of the

stairs, who must also have slept in the house, I suppose. My own room was about seven feet wide by ten long; one window, two-feet-six square, at the side, looked straight into the green bank at the bottom of the Monte Moro, and another at the end, looked into vacant sky down the valley. A clear dashing stream, not ice fed, but mere fountain and rainfall from the Moro, ran past the house just under the side window, and was the chief cause of my stay, and consolation of it. The group of chalets round had no inhabitants, that ever I saw:—the little chapel had a belfry, but I never remember hearing its bell, or seeing anybody go in or come out of it. I don't think even the goats had bells, so quiet the place was. The Monte Rosa glacier, a mile higher up, merely choked the valley; it seemed to come from nowhere and to be going nowhere; it had no pinnacles, no waves, no crevasses with action or method of fracture in them; no icefalls at the top, nor arched source of stream at the bottom; the sweep of rock above showed neither bedding nor buttressing of the least interest, and gave no impression of having any particular top, while yet the

The third, that Alpine geology was in these high centres of it as yet wholly inscrutable to me.

The fourth, that I was not, as I used to suppose, born for solitude, like Dr. Zimmermann, and that the whole south side of Monte Rosa did not contain as much real and comfortable entertainment for me as the Market Street of Croydon. Nor do I believe I could have stayed out my month at Macugnaga with any consistency, but that I had brought with me a pocket volume of Shakespeare, and set myself for the first time to read, seriously, Coriolanus, and Julius Cæsar.

134. I see that in the earlier passages of this too dimly explicit narrative, no notice is taken of the uses of Shakespeare at Herne Hill, other than that he used to lie upon the table; nor can I the least trace his influence on my own mind or work, except as a part of the great reality and infinity of the world itself, and its gradually unfolding history and law. To my father, and to Richard Gray, the characters of Shakespearian comedy were all familiar personal friends; my mother's refusal to expose herself to theatric temptation began

in her having fallen in love, for some weeks, when she was a girl, with Henry the Fifth at the Battle of Agincourt; nor can I remember in my own childhood any time when the plots of the great plays were unknown to me, or—I write the word now with more than surprise — misunderstood! I thought and felt about all of them then, just as I think and feel now; no character, small or great, has taken a new aspect to me; and the attentive reading which began first at Macugnaga meant only the discovery of a more perfect truth, or a deeper passion, in the words that had before rung in my ears with too little questioned melody. As for the full contents of any passage, or any scene, I never expected, nor expect, to know them, any more than every rock of Skiddaw, or flower of Jura.

135. But by the light of the little window at Macugnaga, and by the murmur of the stream beneath it, began the course of study which led me into fruitful thought, out of the till then passive sensation of merely artistic or naturalist life; and which have made of me — or at least I fain would believe the

friends who tell me so—a useful teacher, instead of a vain labourer.

From that time forward, nearly all serious reading was done while I was abroad; the heaviest box in the boot being always full of dictionaries; and my Denmark Hill life resolved itself into the drudgery of authorship and press correction, with infinite waste of time in saying the same things over and over to the people who came to see our Turners.

In calling my authorship, drudgery, I do not mean that writing ever gave me the kind of pain of which Carlyle so wildly complains,—to my total amazement and boundless puzzlement, be it in passing said; for he talked just as vigorously as he wrote, and the book he makes bitterest moan over, Friedrich, bears the outer aspect of richly enjoyed gossip, and lovingly involuntary eloquence of description or praise. My own literary work, on the contrary, was always done as quietly and methodically as a piece of tapestry. I knew exactly what I had got to say, put the words firmly in their places like so many stitches, hemmed the edges of chapters round with

question of my own work,* I may once for all complete all necessary account of it by confession of my evermore childish delight in beginning a drawing; and usually acute misery in trying to finish one. People sometimes praise me as industrious, when they count the number of printed volumes which Mr. Allen can now advertise. But the biography of the waste pencilling and passionately forsaken colouring, heaped in the dusty corners of Brantwood, if I could write it, would be far more pathetically exemplary or admonitory.

137. And as I transpose myself back through the forty years of desultory, yet careful, reading, which began in my mossy cell of Macugnaga, it becomes a yet more pertinent question to me how much life has been also wasted in that manner, and what was not wasted, extremely weakened and saddened. Very certainly, Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar did not in the least cheer or strengthen my heart in its Monte-Rosean

* *Manner* of work, I mean. How I learned the things I taught is the major, and properly, only question regarded in this history.

solitude; and as I try to follow the clue of Shakespearian power over me since, I cannot feel that it has been anywise wholesome for me to have the world represented as a place where, for that best sort of people, everything always goes wrong; or to have my conceptions of that best sort of people so much confused by images of the worst. To have kinghood represented, in the Shakespearian cycle, by Richards II. and III. instead of I., by Henrys IV. and VIII. instead of II.; by King John, finished into all truths of baseness and grief, while Henry V. is only a king of fairy tale; or in the realm of imagination, by the folly of Lear, the cruelty of Leontes, the furious and foul guilt of Macbeth and the Dane. Why must the persons of Iago and Iachimo, of Tybalt and Edmund, of Isabel's brother and Helena's lord, pollute, or wither with their shadows, every happy scene in the loveliest plays; and they, the loveliest, be all mixed and encumbered with languid and common work,—to one's best hope spurious, certainly, so far as original, idle and disgraceful?—and all so inextricably and mysteriously that the writer himself is not

only unknowable, but inconceivable; and his wisdom so useless, that at this time of being and speaking, among active and purposeful Englishmen, I know not one who shows a trace of ever having felt a passion of Shakespeare's, or learnt a lesson from him.

Any way, for good or sorrow, my student's life, instead of mere instinct of rhythmic mimicry, began thus, not till I was six-and-twenty. It is so inconvenient to be always a year behind the Christian date, (and I am really so young of my age!) that I am going to suppose the reader's permission to be only a quarter of a century old at Macugnaga, and to count my years henceforward by the stars instead of the clock.

138. The month of Rome and Monte Rosa was at least, compared with the days at Florence, a time of rest; and when I got down to Domo d'Ossola again, I was fresh for the expedition in search of Turner's subject at Dazio Grande.

With Couttet and George, and a baggage mule, I walked up the Val Formazza, and across to Airolo; Couttet on this walk first formulating the general principle, 'Pour que

George aille bien, il faut lui donner à manger souvent; et beaucoup à la fois.' I had no objection whatever to this arrangement, and was only sorry my Chamouni tutor could not give the same good report of *me.* But on anything like a hard day's walk, the miles after lunch always seemed to me to become German instead of geographical. And although I much enjoyed the Val Formazza all the way up, Airolo next day was found to be farther off than it appeared on the map, and on the third morning I ordered a post-chaise, and gave up my long-cherished idea of making the pedestrian tour of Europe.

139. The work done at Faido and Dazio Grande is told and illustrated in the fourth volume of 'Modern Painters;' it was a little shortened by a letter from J. D. Harding, asking if I would like him to join me at any place I might have chosen for autumn sketching. Very gratefully, I sent word that I would wait for him at Baveno; where, accordingly, towards the close of August, we made fraternal arrangements for an Elysian fortnight's floating round Isola Bella. There was a spacious half of seat vacant in my little hooded carriage,

and good room for Harding's folios with mine: so we trotted from Baveno to Arona, and from Arona to Como, and from Como to Bergamo, and Bergamo to Brescia, and Brescia to Verona, and took up our abode in the 'Two Towers' for as long as we chose.

I do not remember finding in any artistic biography the history of a happier epoch than it was to us both. I am bold to speak for Harding as for myself. Generally, the restlessness of ambition, or the strain of effort, or anxiety about money matters, taint or disturb the peace of a painter's travels: but Harding did not wish, or perhaps think it possible, to do better than, to his own mind, he always did; while I had no hope of becoming a second Turner, and no thoughts of becoming a thirtieth Academician. Harding was sure of regular sale for his summer's work, and under no difficulty in dividing the hotel bills with me: we both enjoyed the same scenes, though in different ways, which gave us subjects of surprising but not antagonistic talk: the weather was perfect, the roads smooth, and the inns luxurious.

140. I must not yet say more of Verona,

than that, though truly Rouen, Geneva, and Pisa have been the centres of thought and teaching to me, Verona has given the colouring to all they taught. She has virtually represented the fate and the beauty of Italy to me; and whatever concerning Italy I have felt, or been able with any charm or force to say, has been dealt with more deeply, and said more earnestly, for her sake.

It was only for Harding's sake that I went on to Venice, that year; and, for the first week there, neither of us thought of anything but the market and fishing boats, and effects of light on the city and the sea; till, in the spare hour of one sunny but luckless day, the fancy took us to look into the Scuola di San Rocco. Hitherto, in hesitating conjectures of what might have been, I have scarcely ventured to wish, gravely, that it *had* been. But, very earnestly, I should have bid myself that day keep *out* of the School of St. Roch, had I known what was to come of my knocking at its door. But for that porter's opening, I should (so far as one can ever know what they should) have written, The Stones of Chamouni, instead of The Stones of

Venice; and the Laws of Fésole, in the full code of them, before beginning to teach in Oxford: and I should have brought out in full distinctness and use what faculty I had of drawing the human face and form with true expression of their higher beauty.

But Tintoret swept me away at once into the 'mare maggiore' of the schools of painting which crowned the power and perished in the fall of Venice; so forcing me into the study of the history of Venice herself; and through that into what else I have traced or told of the laws of national strength and virtue. I am happy in having done this so that the truth of it must stand; but it was not my own proper work; and even the sea-born strength of Venetian painting was beyond my granted fields of fruitful exertion. Its continuity and felicity became thenceforward impossible, and the measure of my immediate success irrevocably shortened.

141. Strangely, at the same moment, another adversity first made itself felt to me,—of which the fatality has been great to many and many besides myself

It must have been during my last days at

and I, among the boats in the fruit-market; then, after eight o'clock breakfast, he went on his own quest of full subjects, and I to the Scuola di San Rocco, or wherever else in Venice there were Tintorets. In the afternoon, we lashed our gondola to the stern of a fishing-boat, sailing, as the wind served, within or outside the Lido, and sketching the *boat and her sails in their varied action,—or* Venice, as she shone far away beyond her islands. Back to Danieli's for six o'clock table d'hote; where, after we had got a bit of fish and fillet of anything, the September days were yet long enough for a sunset walk.

143. A much regarded friend, Mr. Boxall, R.A., came on to Venice at this time, after finishing at Milan the beautiful drawing from Leonardo's Christ, which was afterwards tenderly, though inadequately, engraved. Mrs. Jameson was staying also at Danieli's, to complete her notes on Venetian legends· and in the evening walk we were usually together, the four of us; Boxall, Harding, and I extremely embarrassing Mrs. Jameson by looking at everything from our pertinaciously

reason for that particular mistake, that I was perfectly confident in my own heart's love of rainbows to the end, and felt no occasion to wish for what I was so sure would be.

144. But Mr. Boxall's time, and Harding's, were at end before I had counted and described all the Tintorets in Venice, and they left me at that task, besides trying to copy the Adoration of the Magi on four sheets of brown paper. Things had gone fairly well as long as Harding took me out to sea every afternoon; but now, left to myself, trying to paint the Madonna and Magi in the morning, and peering all the rest of the day into the shadowy corners of chapel and sacristy and palace-corridor, beside every narrow street that was paved with waves, my strength began to fail fast. Couttet got anxious, and looked more gravely every morning into my eyes. 'Ç'a ne va pas bien,' said he. 'Vous ne le sentirez pas à présent, mais vous le sentirez après.' I finished my list, however, pasted my brown paper into some rude likeness of the picture,—and packed up colours and note-books finally for a rapid run home; when, as so often happens in the first

separate corners of an equilateral triangle. Mrs. Jameson was absolutely without knowledge or instinct of painting; and had no sharpness of insight for anything else; but she was candid and industrious, with a pleasant disposition to make the best of all she saw, and to say, compliantly, that a picture was good, if anybody had ever said so before. Her peace of mind was restored in a little while, by observing that the three of us, however separate in our reasons for liking a picture, always fastened on the same pictures to like; and that she was safe, therefore, in saying that, for whatever other reason might be assigned, other people should like them also.

I got some most refined and right teaching from Mr. Boxall; of which I remember as chiefly vital, his swift correction of my misgiven Wordsworth's line—

'So be it when I shall grow old,'

as—

'So shall it be when I grow old.'

I read Wordsworth with better care and profit ever afterwards; but there was this much of

reason for that particular mistake, that I was perfectly confident in my own heart's love of rainbows to the end, and felt no occasion to wish for what I was so sure would be.

144. But Mr. Boxall's time, and Harding's, were at end before I had counted and described all the Tintorets in Venice, and they left me at that task, besides trying to copy the Adoration of the Magi on four sheets of brown paper. Things had gone fairly well as long as Harding took me out to sea every afternoon; but now, left to myself, trying to paint the Madonna and Magi in the morning, and peering all the rest of the day into the shadowy corners of chapel and sacristy and palace-corridor, beside every narrow street that was paved with waves, my strength began to fail fast. Couttet got anxious, and looked more gravely every morning into my eyes. 'Ç'a ne va pas bien,' said he. 'Vous ne le sentirez pas à présent, mais vous le sentirez après.' I *finished my* list, however, pasted my brown paper into some rude likeness of the picture, — and packed up colours and note-books finally for a rapid run home; when, as so often happens in the first

far as Vogogna, where a frosty morning glittered on the distant Simplon; and though I could not walk up the pass of Gondo, there was no more sadness in me, afterwards, than I suffered always in leaving either Italy or the Alps.

146. Which, however, in its own kind, became acute again a day or two afterwards, when I stopped on a cloudless afternoon at Nyon, where the road branches away for Paris. I had to say good-bye to Mont Blanc — there visible in his full cone, through the last gap given by the Chablais mountains as they rise eastward along the lake-shore.

Six months before, I had rhymed to his snows in such hope and delight, and assurance of doing everything I wanted, this year at last; and now, I had only discovered wants that any number of years could not satisfy; and weaknesses, which no ardour of effort or patience of practice could overcome.

Thus, for the first time, measuring some of the outer bastions of the unconquerable world, I opened my English letters; which told me that my eldest Croydon cousin, John, in

whose prosperity and upward rounding of fortune's wheel all of us had been confident, was dead in Australia.

So much stronger than I, and so much more dutiful, working for his people in the little valley of Wandel, out in the great opposite desolate country; and now the dust of it laid on him, as on his brother the beach-sand on this side the sea. There was no grief, for me, in his loss, so little had I known, and less remembered, him; but much awe, and wonder, when all the best and kindest of us were thus struck down, what my own selfish life was to come to, or end in.

147. With these thoughts and fears fastening on me, as I lost sight first of Mont Blanc, and then of the lines of Jura, and saw the level road with its aisle of poplars in perspective vista of the five days between Dijon and Calais, the fever returned slightly, with a curious tingling; and yet partly, it seemed to me, deadness of sensation, in the throat, which would not move, for better nor worse, through the long days, and mostly wakeful nights. I do not know if diphtheria had been, in those epochs, known or talked of; but I extremely

disliked this feeling in the throat, and passed from dislike into sorrowful alarm, (having no Couttet now to give me tisane,) and wonder if I should ever get home to Denmark Hill again.

Although the poetical states of religious feeling taught me by George Herbert's rhymes, and the reading of formal petition, whether in psalter or litany, at morning and evening and on Sunday forenoon, were sincere enough in their fanciful or formal ways, no occasion of life had yet put me to any serious trial of direct prayer. I never knew of Jessie's or my aunt's sicknesses, or now of my cousin John's, until too late for prayer; in our own household there had been no instantly dangerous illness since my own in 1835; and during the long threatening of 1841 I was throughout more sullen and rebellious than frightened. But now, between the Campo Santo and Santa Maria Novella, I had been brought into some knowledge of the relations that might truly exist between God and His creatures; and thinking what my father and mother would feel if I did not get home to them through those poplar

I conceive, often a reality; in all cases, dependent on resolution, patience, self-denial, prudence, obedience; of which some pure hearts are capable without effort, and some by constancy. Whether I was capable of holding it or not, I cannot tell; but little by little, and for little, yet it seemed invincible, causes, it passed away from me. I had scarcely reached home in safety before I had sunk back into the faintness and darkness of the Under-World.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STATE OF DENMARK.

149. THE house on Denmark Hill, where my father and mother, in the shortening days of 1845, thankfully received back their truant, has been associated, by dated notepaper, with a quarter of a century of my English life; and was indeed to my parents a peaceful, yet cheerful, and pleasantly, in its suburban manner, dignified, abode of their declining years. For my father had no possibilities of real retirement in him; his business was the necessary pride and fixed habit of his soul: his ambition, and what instinct of accumulative gain the mercantile life inevitably begets, were for me only; but involved the fixed desire to see me moving in the western light of London, among its acknowledged literary orders of merit; and were totally inconsistent with the thought, faintly and intermittingly haunting my mother and me, th

a rose-covered cottage in the dells of Matlock or the vale of Keswick, might be nearer the heavenly world, for *us*, than all the majesty of Denmark Hill, connected though it was, by the Vauxhall Road and convenient omnibuses, with St. James's Street and Cavendish Square.

But the house itself had every good in it, except nearness to a stream, that could with any reason be coveted by modest mortals. It stood in command of seven acres of healthy ground (a patch of local gravel there overlying the London clay); half of it in meadow sloping to the sunrise, the rest prudently and pleasantly divided into an upper and lower kitchen garden; a fruitful bit of orchard, and chance inlets and outlets of woodwalk, opening to the sunny path by the field, which was gladdened on its other side in springtime by flushes of almond and double peach blossom. Scarce all the hyacinths and heath of Brantwood redeem the loss of these to me, and when the summer winds have wrecked the wreaths of our wild roses, I am apt to think sorrowfully of the trailings and climbings of deep purple convolvulus which bloomed full every

feet of available space within bookcases, that the rest of the floor virtually was only a passage round it. I always wrote on the flat of the table,—a bad habit, enforced partly by the frequent need of laying drawings or books for reference beside me. Two windows, forming the sides of a bow blank in the middle, gave me, though rather awkwardly crossed, all the light I needed: partly through laziness and make-shiftiness, partly in respect for external symmetry,—for the house had really something of an architectural air at the back,—I never opened the midmost blank wall, though it considerably fretted me: the single window of my bed-room above, looking straight south-east, gave, through the first ten or twelve winters at Denmark Hill, command of the morning clouds, inestimable for its aid in all healthy thought. Papa and mamma took possession of the quiet western rooms, which looked merely into the branches of the cedar on the front lawn.

151. In such stateliness of civic domicile, the industry of midlife now began for me, little disturbed by the murmur of London beyond the bridges, and in no wise by any

days we went to hear a gloomier divinity than that of my beloved and Anacreontic Doctor Andrews.

153. We might never have known more of them, unless, among the sacred enthusiasms of Camberwell parish, the fancy had arisen to put a painted window into the east end of the pretty church, just built for it by Mr. Gilbert Scott. Edmund Oldfield, already advanced far beyond me in Gothic art scholarship, was prime mover in the matter, but such rumour as existed in the village of my interest in architecture justified him in expecting some help from me. I had already quite fixed notions of what the colour of glass should be, and in these Edmund concurred. The tracery of the east window seemed to us convertible into no dishonouring likeness of something at Rheims or Chartres. Hitherto unconscious of my inability to compose in colour, I offered to design the entire window head; and did, after some headstrong toil, actually fill the required spaces with a mosaic presenting an orthodox cycle of subjects in purple and scarlet, round a more luminous centre of figures adapted from Michael Angelo. Partly

in politeness, partly in curiosity, the committee on the window did verily authorize Edmund Oldfield and me to execute this design; and I having fortunately the sense to admit Edmund's representations that the style of Michael Angelo was not exactly adapted to thirteenth century practice, in construction of a vitrail, the central light was arranged by him on more modest lines; and the result proved on the whole satisfactory to the congregation, who thereupon desired that the five vertical lights might be filled in the same manner. I had felt, however, through the changes made on my Michael Angelesque cinquefoil, that Mr. Oldfield's knowledge of Gothic style, and gift in placing colour, were altogether beyond mine; and prayed him to carry out the rest of the window by himself Which he did with perfect success, attaining a delicate brilliancy purer than anything I had before seen in modern glass.

154. I should have been more crushed by this result, had I not been already in the habit of feeling worsted in everything I tried of original work; while since 1842, I was more and more sure of my faculty of seeing the

beauty and meaning of the work of other minds. At this time, I might assuredly have been led by Edmund Oldfield into a study of all the painted glass in England, if only Edmund had been a little more happy in his own power: but I suppose his immediate success was too easy to divert him from the courses of study which afterwards gave him his high position in the British Museum, not enough recognized by the public, and, I believe, farther obscured by the ill humour or temper of Mr. Panizzi. If only—I may still sometimes indulge in a 'might have been,' for my friends—he had kept to Gothic foils and their glass, my belief is that Edmund Oldfield could have done for England great part of what Viollet le Duc did for France, with the same earnestness, and with thrice the sensibility. But the sensibility taking in him the form of reserve, and the restless French energy being absent, he diffused himself in serene scholarship till too late, and retired from the collisions and intrigues of the Museum too early.

Our temporary alliance among the traceries of Camberwell had for immediate consequence to me, an introduction to his family, which

broke the monastic laws of Denmark Hill to the extent of tempting me to a Christmas revel or two with his pretty sisters; whereat I failed in my part in every game, and whence I retired in a sackcloth of humiliation, of which the tissue had at once the weight of a wet blanket, and the sting of horsehair.

155. I have only once named, among my Christ Church companions, Charles Newton. He was considerably my senior, besides being a rightly bred scholar, who knew his grammar and his quantities; and, while yet an undergraduate, was doing accurately useful work in the Architectural Society. Without rudely depreciating my Proutesque manner of drawing, he represented to me that it did not meet all the antiquarian purposes of that body; and, always under protest, I drew a Norman door for Newton, (as the granite veins of Trewavas Head for Dr. Buckland,) with distinct endeavour to give the substantial facts in each, apparent to the vulgar mind. And if only—once more pardon, good reader, but *this is really an 'if' that I cannot resist—if* only Newton had learnt Irish instead of Greek, Scotch instead of Egyptian, and preferred, for

light reading, the study of the Venerable Bede to that of Victor Hugo,——well, the British Museum might have been still habitable; the effigy, as the bones, of Mausolus would have rested in peace; and the British public known more than any Idylls of kings have yet told them, of personages such as Arthur, Alfred, and Charlemagne.

156. There remained yet some possibilities, even after Charles Newton became Attic and diplomatic, of some heroic attachment between us, in the manner of Theseus and Pirithous. In fact, for some years after my Camberwell window and Campo Santo entanglements, Theseus retained, I believe, some hope of delivering me from those Lethean chains; nor until so late as the year 1850,* when, as we crossed the Great St. Bernard together, Charles spoke heresies against the Valley of Chamouni, remarking, with respect to its glacial moraines, that 'he thought more housemaids were wanted in that establishment,' and on the other hand, I expressed myself respecting the virtues of diplomatists, and

[* It was 1851. See Letters.]

the value of the opinions of the British Peerage on Art and Science, in a manner which caused Newton to observe (not without foundation) that 'there was the making of Robespierre in me,'—not till then, I repeat, did it become clear to either of us that the decisions of Minos were irrevocable.

We yet examined the castle of Verrex together, as once the aisles of Dorchester; and compared in peace, at Milan, the Corinthian graces of St. Lorenzo with the Lombardic monsters of St. Ambrogio. Early the next morning Newton left me, in the Albergo Reale, not without inner tears on both sides, and went eastward, I know not where. Ever since, *we have been to each other, he as* the Heathen, and I as the Publican, both of us finding it alike impossible to hear the Church.

157. The transition to Denmark Hill had, however, in the first pride of it, an advantage also in giving our family Puritanism, promotion to a distinguished pew in Camden Chapel, quite near the pulpit. Henry Melvill, afterwards Principal of Haileybury, was the only preacher I ever knew whose sermons were

blew their noses, coughed the coughs they had choked over for the last quarter of an hour, and settled themselves to the more devoted acceptance of the next section.

158. It is the habit of many good men—as it was confessedly, for instance, that of the infant, Samuel, Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford—not to allow themselves to doubt or question any part of Bible teaching. Henry Melvill, being of the same Episcopal school, and dutifully forbidding himself any dangerous fields of enquiry, explained with accuracy all that *was explicable in his text, and argued the* inexplicable into the plausible with great zeal

Or, in the longer rhythm of my old diary—

> Who, despots of the ecclesiastic drum,
> Roll the rogues' muffled march, to the rogues' 'kingdom come.'—

For indeed, since I wrote the paragraph about the pulpit of Torcello, in 'The Stones of Venice,' Vol. II., Chap. II., it has become hourly more manifest to me how far the false eloquence of the pulpit—whether Kettledrummle's at Drumclog, with whom it is, in Gibbon's scornful terms, 'the safe and sacred organ of sedition,' or the apology of hired preachers for the abuses of their day—has excited the most dangerous passions of the sects, while it quenched the refiner's fire and betrayed the reproving power of the gospel.

and feeling;—always thoroughly convincing himself before he attempted to convince his congregation.

(It may be noted in passing that Dean Stanley, on the other hand, used his plausibility to convince his congregation without convincing himself, or committing himself to anything in particular; while Frederic Maurice secured his audiences' religious comfort, by turning their too thorny convictions the other side up, like railroad cushions.)

For the rest, Mr. Melvill was entirely amiable in the Church visitant, though not formidable in the Church militant. There were not many poor in the district to be visited; but he became at once a kindly and esteemed friend to us, as, for the present, serenely feeding lambs of his flock; and I shall always remember gratefully the unoffended smile with which one day, when he had called late, and I became restless during his conversation because my dinner was ready, he broke off his talk, and said, 'Go to your dinner.'

I was greatly ashamed of myself for having been so rude; but went to my dinner,—

attended better to Mr. Melvill's preaching ever afterwards,—and owe to him all sorts of good help in close analysis, but especially, my habit of always looking, in every quotation from the Bible, what goes before it and after.*

159. But to these particulars I must return by-and-bye; for my business in this chapter is only to give account of the materials and mental resources with which, in my new study at Denmark Hill, looking out on the meadow and the two cows, I settled myself, in the winter of 1845, to write, as my father now justly expected me to do without farther excuse, the second volume of 'Modern Painters.'

It is extremely difficult to define, much more to explain, the religious temper in which I designed that second volume. Whatever I know or feel, now, of the justice of God, the nobleness of man, and the beauty of nature, I knew and felt then, nor less strongly; but these firm faiths were confused by the continual discovery, day by day, of error or

* I have never forgotten his noble sermon, one day, on the folly of reading 'Eye hath not seen the things God has prepared for them that love Him,' without going on to the end of the verse, 'but He hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit.'

limitation in the doctrines I had been taught, and follies or inconsistencies in their teachers: while for myself, it seemed to me quite sure, since my downfall of heart on last leaving France, that I had no part nor lot in the service or privileges of the saints; but, on the contrary, had such share only in the things of God, as well-conducted beasts and serenely-minded birds had: while, even among the beasts, I had no claim to represent myself figuratively as a lion couchant, or eagle volant, but was, at my best and proudest, only of a doggish and piggish temper, content in my dog's chain, and with my pig's-wash, in spite of Carlyle; and having no mind whatever to win Heaven at the price of conversion like St. Ranier's, or mortification like St. Bruno's.

160. And that my father much concurred with me in these, partly stubborn, partly modest, sentiments, appeared curiously on the occasion of registering his arms at the Heralds' College for painting, as those of the Bardi, and no more under the Long Acre limitation, 'vix ea nostra,' on the panel of his own brougham. It appeared, on enquiry at the Heralds' Office, that there was indeed a shield

appertaining to a family, of whom nothing particular was known, by the name of Ruskin: Sable, a chevron, argent, between six lance-heads, argent. This, without any evidence of our relation to the family, we could not, of course, be permitted to use without modification: but the King-at-Arms registered it as ours, with the addition of three crosses crosslets on the chevron, gules, (in case of my still becoming a clergyman!); and we carried home, on loan from the college, a book of crests and mottoes; crests being open to choice in modern heraldry, (if one does not by chance win them,) as laconic expressions of personal character, or achievement.

Over which book, I remember, though too vaguely, my father's reasoning within himself, that a merchant could not with any propriety typify himself by Lord Marmion's falcon, or Lord Dudley's bear; that, though we were all extremely fond of dogs, any doggish crest would be taken for an extremely minor dog, or even puppy, by the public; while vulpine types, whether of heads or brushes, were wholly out of our way; and at last, faute de

mieux, and with some idea, I fancy, of the beast's resolution in taking and making its own way through difficulties, my father, with the assent, if not support, of my mother and Mary, fixed, forsooth, upon a boar's head, as reasonably proud, without claim to be patrician; under-written by the motto 'Age quod agis.' Some ten or twelve years, I suppose, after this, beginning to study heraldry with attention, I apprehended, that, whether a knight's war-cry, or a peaceful yeoman's saying, the words on the scroll of a crest could not be a piece of advice to other people, but must be always a declaration of the bearer's own mind. Whereupon I changed, on my own seal, the 'Age quod agis' into 'To-day,' tacitly underlined to myself with the warning, 'The night cometh, when no man can work.'

161. But as years went on, and the belief in fortune, and fortune-telling, which is finally confessed in Fors Clavigera, asserted itself more distinctly in my private philosophy, I began to be much exercised in mind as to the fortunate, or otherwise, meaning of my father's choosing a pig for my crest; and that

the more, because I could not decide whether it was lawful for me to adopt the Greek mode of interpretation, according to which I might consider myself an assistant of Hercules in the conquest of the Erymanthian boar, or was restricted to the Gothic reading which would compel me to consider myself a pig in personâ,—(as the aforesaid Marmion a falcon, or Albert of Geierstein a vulture,—) and only take pride in the strength of bristle, and curl of tusk, which occasioned, in my days of serious critical influence, the lament of the Academician in Punch:

'I paints and paints,
Hears no complaints,
And sells before I'm dry,
Till savage Ruskin
Sticks his tusk in,
And nobody will buy.'

Inclining, as time went on, more and more to this view of the matter, I rested at last in the conviction that my prototype and patron saint was indeed, not Hercules, but St. Anthony of Padua, and that it might in a measure be recorded also of little me, that 'il se retira d'abord dans une solitude peu

éloignée du bourg de Côme, puis dans un sépulcre fort éloigné de ce bourg, enfin dans les masures d'un vieux château au-dessus d'Héraclée, où il vécut pendant vingt ans. Il n'est pas possible de raconter tout ce qu'il eut à souffrir dans ces trois retraites, tant par les rigueurs qu'il exerça sur lui-même que par la malice du démon, qui mit tout en œuvre pour le tromper par ses artifices, ou pour l'abattre par ses menaces et ses mauvais traitements, qui allèrent quelquefois jusqu'à le laisser pour mort des coups qu'il lui donna. Antoine triompha de tout; et ce fut pour le récompenser de tant de combats et de tant de victoires que Dieu le rendit puissant en œuvres et en paroles pour guérir toutes sortes de maladies spirituelles et corporelles, chasser les démons aussi bien des corps que des âmes, se faire obéir par les bêtes les plus cruelles, par les éléments et les autres créatures les moins soumises à la volonté de l'homme.' *

162. I must not, however, anticipate the course of this eventful history so far as to

* 'Dictionnaire des Sciences Ecclésiastiques.' I assumed, of course, in adopting this patron saint, that he would have the same domestic pets as St. Anthony of the Desert.

discuss at present any manner of the resemblance in my fate, or work, or home companionships, to those of St. Anthony of Padua; but may record, as immediately significant, the delight which both my mother and I took in the possession of a really practical pigstye in our Danish farmyard, (the coach-house and stables being to us of no importance in comparison); the success with which my mother directed the nurture, and fattening, of the piglings; the civil and jovial character of the piglings so nurtured, indicated especially by their habit of standing in a row on their hind-legs to look over the fence, whenever my mother came into the yard: and conclusively by the satisfaction with which even our most refined friends would accept a present of pork —or it might be, alas! sometimes of sucking pig—from Denmark Hill.

163. The following (p. 238) example of such acknowledgments, addressed to my father, is farther interesting in its post (or side) script, referring to the civil war in Switzerland, and fixing, therefore, the letter, otherwise without date of year, to 1845, when I was beginning to prepare for my first adventurous journey.

47, QUEEN ANN (no street !) WEST,
Thursday, 27 *Fey*

'My dear Sir,

'Have the goodness to offer my respectful thanks to Mrs. Ruskin for the kind present of a part of the little fat friends, & its ——————* Portugal onions for stuffing them included, &c., &c. Hoping you are all well,

'Believe me,

'Most truly obliged,

'J. M. W. TURNER.'

J. RUSKIN, ESQ.

In the *Times*, sad news from Switzerland.

* Turner always indicates by these long lines the places in his letters where his feelings become inexpressible.

Neither do I think it irrelevant, in this place, to foretell that, after twenty years' various study of the piglet character, (see, for instance, the account of the comfort given me by the monastic piglet at Assisi,*) I became so resigned to the adoption of my paternally chosen crest as to write my rhymed travelling letters to Joan † most frequently in my heraldic character of 'Little Pig'; or, royally plural, 'Little Pigs,' especially when these letters took the tone of confessions, as for instance, from Keswick, in 1857:—

When little pigs have muffins hot,
And take three quarters for their lot,
Then, little pigs—had better not.

And again, on the occasion of over-lunching myself before ascending Red Pike, in the same year:—

As readers, for their minds' relief,
Will sometimes double down a leaf,
Or rather, as good sailors reef
Their sails, or jugglers, past belief

* 'In one of my saddest moods, I got some wholesome peace and refreshment by mere sympathy with a Bewickian little pig, in the roundest and conceitedest burst of pig-blossom'—'Fors,' Letter XLVIII.

† Now Mrs. Arthur Severn.

Will con-involve a handkerchief—
If little pigs, when time is brief
Will, that way, double up their beef,
Then—little pigs will come to grief.

And here is what may, it seems to me, gracefully conclude this present chapter, as a pretty and pathetic Pigwiggian chaunt, from Abbeville, in 1858.

If little pigs,—when evening dapples,
With fading clouds, her autumn sky,—
Set out in search of Norman Chapels,
And find, instead, where cliffs are high,
Half way from Amiens to Etaples,
A castle, full of pears and apples,
On donjon floors laid out to dry;
—Green jargonelles, and apples tenny,—
And find their price is five a penny,
If little pigs, then, buy too many,
Spare to those little pigs a sigh.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FEASTS OF THE VANDALS.

164. THE reader of 'to-day' who has been accustomed to hear me spoken of by the artists of to-day as a superannuated enthusiast, and by the philosophers of to-day as a delirious visionary, will scarcely believe with what serious interest the appearance of the second volume of 'Modern Painters' was looked for, by more people than my father and mother,—by people even belonging to the shrewdest literary circles, and highest artistic schools, of the time.

165. In the literary world, attention was first directed to the book by Sydney Smith, in the hearing of my severest and chiefly antagonist master, the Rev Thomas Dale, who with candid kindness sent the following note of the matter to my father —

'You will not be uninterested to hear that Mr. Sydney Smith (no mean authority in such

cases) spoke in the highest terms of your son's work, on a public occasion, and in presence of several distinguished literary characters. He said it was a work of transcendent talent, presented the most original views, and the most elegant and powerful language, and would work a complete revolution in the world of taste. He did not know, when he said this, how much I was interested in the author.'

166. My father was greatly set up by this note, though the form of British prudence which never specifies occasion or person, for fear of getting itself into a scrape, is provokingly illustrated by its imperfect testimony. But it mattered little who the other 'literary characters' might have been, for Sydney's verdict was at this time, justly, final, both in general society and among the reviewers; and it was especially fortunate for me that he had been trained in his own youth, first by Dugald Stewart, and then by the same Dr. Thomas Brown who had formed my father's mind and directed his subsequent reading. And, indeed, all the main principles of metaphysics asserted in the opening of 'Modern Painters' had been,

with conclusive decision and simplicity, laid down by Sydney himself in the lectures he gave on Moral Philosophy at the Royal Institution in the years 1804-5-6, of which he had never enough himself recognized the importance. He amplified and embodied some portions of them afterwards in the Edinburgh Review; but 'considering that what remained could be of no farther use, he destroyed several, and was proceeding to destroy the whole, when, entreaty being made by friends that the portions not yet torn up might be spared, their request was granted;'* and these despised fragments, published in 1850 under the title of Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy, contain, in the simplest and securest terms, every final truth which any rational mortal needs to learn on that subject.

Had those lectures been printed five years sooner, and then fallen in my way, the second volume of 'Modern Painters' would either never have been written at all, or written with thankful deference to the exulting wit and gracious eloquence with which Sydney

* See note to Introduction, in the edition of 1850.

had discerned and adorned all that I wished to establish, twenty years before.

167. To the modern student, who has heard of Sydney Smith only as a jester, I commend the two following passages, as examples of the most wise, because most noble, thought, and most impressive, because steel-true, language, to be found in English literature of the living, as distinguished from the classic, schools:—

'But while I am descanting so minutely upon the conduct of the understanding, and the best modes of acquiring knowledge, some men may be disposed to ask, "Why conduct my understanding with such endless care? and what is the use of so much knowledge?" What is the use of so much knowledge?—what is the use of so much life! What are we to do with the seventy years of existence allotted to us? and how are we to live them out to the last? I solemnly declare that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man here present: for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the

Persians burn in the mountains,—it flames night and day, and is immortal, and not to be quenched! Upon something it *must* act and feed,—upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions. Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coeval with life, what do I say, but love innocence, love virtue, love purity of conduct, love that which, if you are rich and great, will sanctify the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice; love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes; love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you,—which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be your lot in the outer world,—that which will make your motives habitually great and honourable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble

disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud! Therefore, if any young man here have embarked his life in pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event; let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the Angel that guards him, and as the Genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life.'

168. 'The history of the world shows us that men are not to be counted by their numbers, but by the fire and vigour of their passions; by their deep sense of injury; by their memory of past glory; by their eagerness for fresh fame; by their

clear and steady resolution of ceasing to live, or of achieving a particular object, which, when it is *once* formed, strikes off a load of manacles and chains, and gives free space to all heavenly and heroic feelings. All great and extraordinary actions come from the heart. There are seasons in human affairs when qualities, fit enough to conduct the common business of life, are feeble and useless, and when men must trust to emotion for that safety which reason at such times can never give. These are the feelings which led the Ten Thousand over the Carduchian mountains; these are the feelings by which a handful of Greeks broke in pieces the power of Persia: they have, by turns, humbled Austria, reduced Spain; and in the fens of the Dutch, and in the mountains of the Swiss, defended the happiness, and revenged the oppressions of man! God calls all the passions out in their keenness and vigour, for the present safety of mankind. Anger, and revenge, and the heroic mind, and a readiness to suffer; —all the secret strength, all the invisible array of the feelings;—all that nature has

reserved for the great scenes of the world. For the usual hopes, and the common aids of man, are all gone! Kings have perished, armies are subdued, nations mouldered away! Nothing remains, under God, but those passions which have often proved the best ministers of His vengeance, and the surest protectors of the world.'

169. These two passages of Sydney's express, more than any others I could have chosen out of what I know of modern literature, the roots of everything I had to learn and teach during my own life; the earnestness with which I followed what was possible to me in science, and the passion with which *I was beginning to recognize the nobleness* of the arts and range of the powers of men.

It was a natural consequence of this passion that the sympathy of the art-circles, in praise of whose leading members the first volume of 'Modern Painters' had been expressly written, was withheld from me much longer than that of the general reader; while, on the other hand, the old Roman feuds with George Richmond were revived by it to the uttermost; and although, with amused interest in

my youthful enthusiasm, and real affection for my father, he painted a charming water-colour of me sitting at a picturesque desk in the open air, in a crimson waistcoat and white trousers, with a magnificent port-crayon in my hand, and Mont Blanc, conventionalized to Raphaelesque grace, in the distance, the utmost of serious opinion on my essay which my father could get from him was 'that I should know better in time.'

170. But the following letter from Samuel Prout, written just at the moment when my father's pride in the success of the book was fast beguiling him into admission of its authorship, at least in our own friendly circle, expresses with old-fashioned courtesy, but with admirable simplicity and firmness, the first impression made by my impetuous outburst on the most sensible and sincere members of the true fellowship of English artists, who at that time were doing each the best he could in his own quiet way, without thought either of contention with living rivals, or of comparing their modest work to the masterpieces of former time.

'HASTINGS, *July 2nd*, 1843.

'DEAR SIR,

'I beg to apologize for not sooner acknowledging, with my best thanks, your kindness in adding another to many obligations.

'Please to believe that I am ambitious of meriting your many acts of kind consideration, but I am ashamed and vexed to feel a consciousness of apparent rudeness, and a trial of patience which nothing can extenuate. I must fear that my besetting sin of idleness in letter-writing has been displeasing to you, although your note is politely silent on the subject.

'I am sorry to say that for months together my spirits have sunk so low, that every duty and every kindness have been sadly neglected.

'In consequence of this nervous inactivity, the Water Colour Exhibition contains almost all I have been able to accomplish since last year. The drawing of Petrarch's House, which you wished me to make, was finished some time since, but is so unlike what I am sure you expected, that I deferred saying anything about it till another was made. Alas

the things I ought to have done have not been done. I intended bringing it to town with me, and asking the favour that it might remain in your possession till I had made something more worthy. My trip to town has been put off month after month, and I expect the resolution will not awake till the last day of seeing sights. Should you not be in town, both drawings shall be left at Foord's.*

'Permit me to say that I have been indulged with a hasty perusal of a work on art and artists by "A Graduate of Oxford." I read the volume with intense interest, the sentiments and language riveting my attention to every page. But I mourn lest such splendid means of doing eminent service to art should be lost. Had the work been written with the *courteousness* of Sir Joshua Reynolds' lectures, it would have been "a standard work," the author held in high estimation for his learning,

* The letters quoted in the text of 'Preterita' will always be given without omissions even of trivial passages. Of those arranged in 'Dilecta,' I give only the portions which seem to me likely to interest the reader; and even take leave to drop superfluous sentences without stars or other note of the omission, but so that the absolute meaning of the writer shall be always kept.

and the volume recommended for instruction and usefulness. Perhaps nothing helps more certainly to an accession of influence, and an accumulating power of doing good, than the *language* in which we dictate. We approach an unassuming courteous manner with respect, confidence, and satisfaction, but most persons shrink back from sarcasm. Certainly every author who writes to do good will write with firmness and candour, *cleaving to what is right, but cautious of giving pain or offence.*

'I hope some day to give the book a more careful perusal; *it made me think*, and when I lay hold of it again, I will endeavour to test it by my experience and the judgment of others; and as I have a little *cooled* from the *rage* I felt at first to find my "darlings" set at nought, I trust in spite of its biting bitterness I shall feel more ashamed of myself, and more respect for the opinions of the author.

'Pardon, dear sir, this presuming to tire your patience with my humble opinions; and should it be true what I have just heard, that you know the author, I will rely on your goodness to forgive my objection to opinions in which you are so much interested.

'If it is so, you are indeed honoured, and I trust the powerful "angel-bright talent" will be directed to do much good for art and artists. Pray give me credit for sincerity in acknowledging that it is art generally I feel for, and as far as I am individually mentioned, I am pleased to find that I have come off beautifully.

'I did not intend to write so much. Kindly pardon quantity and quality,

'And believe me to remain, dear Sir,

'With the greatest respect,

'Yours truly and obliged,

'S. PROUT.

'J. J. Ruskin, Esq
&c. &c. &c.'

171. I must guard myself, however, very distinctly in giving this letter as an example of the general feeling about the book among the living painters whom it praised, against attributing to them any such admiration of my 'angel-bright talent' as that here expressed by my father's affectionate, and now intimate, friend. The group of landscapists, headed by Copley Fielding, David Cox, and P. de Wint

in the old Water Colour Society, and by David Roberts and Clarkson Stanfield in the Academy (Turner being wholly exceptional, and a wild meteoric phenomenon in the midst of them, lawless alike and scholarless)—this group of very characteristically English landscape painters had been well grounded, every one of them, more or less, in the orthodox old English faith in Dutch painting; had studied it so as to know the difficulty of doing anything as good in its way; and, whether in painting or literature, had studied very little else. Of any qualities or talents 'angel bright,' past or present, except in the rather alarming than dignified explosions round the stable lantern which sometimes take place in a Rembrandt Nativity, Vision to the Shepherds, or the like, none of them had ever felt the influence, or attempted the conception: the religious Italian schools were as little known at that time, to either artist or connoisseur, as the Japanese, and the highest scholarly criticism with which I had first come to handgrips in Blackwood, reached no higher than a sketching amateur's acquaintance with the manner of Salvator and Gaspar Poussin.

Taken as a body, the total group of Modern Painters were, therefore, more startled than flattered by my schismatic praise; the modest ones, such as Fielding, Prout, and Stanfield, felt that it was more than they deserved,—and, moreover, a little beside the mark and out of their way; the conceited ones, such as Harding and De Wint, were angry at the position given to Turner; and I am not sure that any of them were ready even to endorse George Richmond's consoling assurance to my father, that I should know better in time.

172. But, with all the kindness of heart, and appreciation of domestic character, partly humorous, partly pathetic, which gave its prevailing tone to the British school of the day, led by Wilkie, Leslie, and Mulready, the entire fellowship of artists with whom we were acquainted sympathized with the partly quaint, altogether pure, strong, and always genial, home-life of my father and mother; nor less with their anxious devotion to their son, and the hopes they entertained for him Nor, I suppose, was my own status at Denmark Hill without something honourably notable to men of the world, in that, refusing to enter my

than Robinson Crusoe or his boy Xury; that the absolutely careful and faithful work of David Roberts showed me the inconstructive and merely luxurious character of Spanish and Arab buildings; and that the painter of greatest power, next to Turner, in the English school, J. F. Lewis, rendered the facts of existing Andalusian life so vividly, as to leave me no hope of delighting or distinguishing myself in any constant relations either with its gaiety or its pride.

174. Looking back to my notices of these and other contemporary artists in the paragraphs added to the first volume of 'Modern Painters,' when I corrected its sheets at Sestri di Levante, in 1846, I find the display of my new Italian information, and assertion of critical acumen, prevail sorrowfully over the expressions of gratitude with which I ought to have described the help and delight they had given me. Now, too late, I can only record with more than sorrow the passing away from the entire body of men occupied in the arts, of the temper in which these men worked. It is—I cannot count how many years, since, on all our walls of recklessly

ambitious display, I have seen one drawing of any place loved for its own sake, or understood with unselfish intelligence. Whether men themselves, or their buildings, or the scenery in which they live, the only object of the draughtsman, be he great or small, is to overpower the public mind with his greatness, or catch it with his smallness. *My* notions of Rome, says Mr. Alma Tadema; *Mine* of Venice, says Miss Clara Montalba; *Ours* of Belgravia and Brighton, say the public and its Graphics, with unanimous egotism;—and what sensational effects can be wrung out of China or New Zealand, or the miseries and follies of mankind anywhere. Exact knowledge enough—yes, let us have it to fill our pockets or swell our pride; but the beauty of wild nature or modest life, except for the sake of our own picnics or perquisites, none care to know, or to save.

And it is wholly vain, in this state of the popular mind, to try to explain the phase of art in which I was brought up, and of which —little thinking how soon it was to pass away —I wrote so ungratefully.

175. Absolutely careful and faithful, I said,

David Roberts was, though in his own restricted terms; fastening on the constant aspect of any place, and drawing that in grey shade, and so much of what might pass for light as enough showed magnitude, distance, and grace of detail. He was like a kind of grey mirror; he gave the greatness and richness of things, and such height and space, and standing of wall and rock, as one saw to be true; and with unwearied industry, both in Egypt and Spain, brought home records of which the value is now forgotten in the perfect detail of photography, and sensational realism of the effects of light which Holman Hunt first showed to be possible. The minute knowledge and acute sensation throw us back into ourselves; haunting us to the examination of points and enjoyment of moments; but one imagined serenely and joyfully, from the old drawings, the splendour of the aisles of Seville or the strength of the towers of Granada, and forgot oneself, for a time.

176. The work of John Lewis was a mirror of men only—of building and scenery as backgrounds for them; all alike rendered with an intensity of truth to the external life, which

nothing has resembled before or since. But it was the external and animal life only. Lewis saw in men and women only the most beautiful of living creatures, and painted them as he did dogs and deer, but with a perception of their nature and race which laughs to scorn all the generic study of the scientific schools. Neither Andalusian nor Arab, Turk nor Circassian, had been painted before his time, any more than described before Byron's; and the endeavours at representation of Oriental character or costume which accompany the travels of even the best-educated English travellers either during or immediately after the Peninsular war, are without exception the clumsiest, most vulgar, and most ludicrous pieces of work that ever disgraced draughtsmen, savage or civil.

No artist that ever I read of was treated with such injustice by the people of his time as John Lewis. There was something un-English about him, which separated him from the good-humoured groups of established fame whose members abetted or jested with each other; feeling that every one of them had something to be forgiven, and that each

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knew the other's trick of trade. His resolute industry was inimitable; his colour—founded either on the frankness of southern sunlight, or on its subtle reflections and diffusions through latticed tracery and silken tent—resembled nothing that could be composed in a London studio; while the absence of bravado, sentiment, or philosophy in his subjects—the total subjection alike of the moral and immoral, the heroic and the sensual, to the mere facts of animal beauty, and grace of decoration, left him without any power of appeal either to the domestic simplicity or personal pride of the ordinary English mind. In artistic power and feeling he had much in common with Paul Veronese: but Paolo had the existing pomp and the fading religion of Venice to give his work hold on the national heart, and epic unity in its design; while poor Lewis did but render more vividly, with all his industry, the toy contrabandista or matador of my mother's chimneypiece.

He never dined with us as our other painter friends did; but his pictures, as long as he worked in Spain, were an extremely important element in both my father's life and mine.

177. I have not yet enough explained the real importance of my father's house, in its command of that Andalusian wine district. Modern maps of Spain, covered with tracks of railroad, show no more the courses either of Guadalquiver or Guadiana; the names of railway stations overwhelm those of the old cities; and every atlas differs from every other in its placing of the masses of the Sierras,—if even the existence of the mountain ranges be acknowledged at all.

But if the reader will take ten minutes of pains, and another ten of time, to extricate, with even the rudest sketch, the facts of value from the chaos of things inscrutably useless, in any fairly trustworthy map of Spain, he will perceive that between the Sierra Morena on the north, and Sierra Nevada on the south, the Guadalquiver flows for two hundred miles through a valley fifty miles wide, in the exact midst of which sits Cordova, and half way between Cordova and the sea, Seville; and on the Royal Harbour, Puerto Real, at the sea shore,—Cadiz; ten miles above which, towards Seville, he will find the 'Xeres de la Frontera,' to which, as a golden centre of

Bacchic commerce, all the vineyards of that great valley of Andalusia, Vandalusia, or, as Mr. Ford puts it, I believe more probably, land of the west, send down their sun-browned juice; the ground of Macharnudo on Mr. Domecq's estate at Xeres itself furnishing the white wine of strongest body in Europe.

178. The power which Mr. Domecq had acknowledged in my father, by making him head partner in his firm, instead of merely his English agent, ruled absolutely at Xeres over the preparation of the wines; and, by insisting always on the maintenance of their purity and quality at the highest attainable standard, gave the house a position which was only in part expressed by its standing, until Mr. Domecq's death, always at the head in the list of importers. That list gave only the number of butts of wine imported by each firm, but did not specify their price; still less could it specify the relation of price to value. Mr. Domecq's two or three thousand butts were, for the most part, old wine, of which the supply had been secured for half a century by the consistent prudence of putting the new vintages in at one end of cellars some quarter

of a mile long, and taking the old vintages out at the other. I do not, of course, mean that such transaction was literally observed; but that the vulgar impatience to 'turn over' capital was absolutely forsworn, in the steady purpose of producing the best wine that could be given for the highest price to which the British public would go. As a rule, sherry drinkers are soundly-minded persons, who do not choose to spend a guinea a glass on anything; and the highest normal price for Mr. Domecq's 'double-cross' sherry was eighty pounds a butt; rising to two hundred for the older wines, which were only occasionally imported. The highest price ever given was six hundred; but this was at a loss to the house, which only allowed wine to attain the age which such a price represented in order to be able to supply, by the mixture of it with younger vintage, whatever quality the English consumer, in any fit of fashion, might desire.

On the whole, the sales varied little from year to year, virtually representing the quantity of wine annually produced by the estate, and a certain quantity of the drier Amontillado, from the hill districts of Montilla, and some

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On the whole, the sales varied little from year to year, virtually representing the quantity of wine annually produced by the estate, and a certain quantity of the drier Amontillado, from the hill districts of Montilla, and some

lighter and cheaper sherries,—though always pure,—which were purchased by the house for the supply of the wider London market. No effort was ever made to extend that market by lowering quality; no competition was possible with the wines grown by Mr. Domecq, and little with those purchased on his judgment. My father used to fret, as I have told, if the orders he expected were not forthcoming, or if there seemed the slightest risk of any other house contesting his position at the head of the list. But he never attempted, or even permitted, the enlargement of the firm's operations beyond the scale at which he was sure that his partner's personal and equal care, or, at least, that of his head cellarman, could be given to the execution of every order.

Mr. Domecq's own habits of life were luxurious, but never extravagant. He had a house in Paris, chiefly for the sake of his daughters' education and establishment; the profits of the estate, though not to be named in any comparison with those of modern mercantile dynasty, were enough to secure annual income to each of his five girls large enough

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eight years after the time at present rendered account of, in which, nevertheless, it was already beginning to be, if not a question, at least a marvel with me, that these graceful and gay Andalusians, who played guitars, danced boleros, and fought bulls, should virtually get no good of their own beautiful country but the bunch of grapes or stalk of garlic they frugally dined on; that its precious wine was not for them, still less the money it was sold for; but the one came to crown our Vandalic feasts, and the other furnished our Danish walls with pictures, our Danish gardens with milk and honey, and five noble houses in Paris with the means of beautiful dominance in its Elysian fields.

179. Still more seriously, I was now beginning to contrast the luxury and continual opportunity of my own exulting days, with the poverty, and captivity, or, as it seemed to chance always, fatal issue of any efforts to escape from these, in which my cousins, the only creatures whom I had to care for, beyond my home, were each and all spending, or ending, their laborious youth.

I must briefly resume their histories, though

much apart from mine; but if my heart was cold to them, my mind was often sad for them.

By grotesque freak of Fors, both my aunts married a Mr. Richardson—and each left six children, four boys and two girls.

The Perth children were Mary and Jessie, James, John, William, and Andrew; the Croydon children, Margaret and Bridget, John, William, George, and Charles. None left now but William of Croydon.

180. The Perth boys were all partly weak in constitution, and curiously inconsistent in element of character, having much of their mother's subtlety and sweetness mixed with a rather larger measure of their father's tannin. The eldest, James, was unlike the other three, —more delicate in feature, and more tractable in temper. My father brought him up to London when he was one- or two-and-twenty, and put him into the counting-house to see what could be made of him, but, though perfectly well-behaved, he was undiligent and effectless—chiefly solicitous about his trousers and gloves. I remember him in his little room, the smaller of the two looking west at

top of Herne Hill house, a pleasant, gentle, tall figure of a youth. He fell into rapid decline and died.

Nor long after him, the youngest brother, Andrew, who with fewer palpable follies, had less real faculty than the rest. He learnt farming under a good master in Scotland, and went out to Australia to prove his science; but after a short struggle with the earth of the other side of the world, rested beneath it.

181. The second brother, John, thus left the head of the family, was a stumpily made, snub- or rather knob-nosed, red-faced, bright-eyed, good-natured simpleton; with the most curiously subtle shrewdnesses, and obstinate faculties, excrescent through his simplicity. I believe he first tried to carry on his father's business; not prospering in that, after some pause and little-pleased scrutiny of him, he was established by my father as a wine-agent in Glasgow, in which business and town he remained, in a shambling, hand-to-mouth manner, some thirty years, a torment to my father, of an extremely vexatious kind—all the more that he was something of a possession

and vestige of his mother all the same. He was a quite first-rate chess-player and whist-player: in business, he had a sort of chess and whist instinct for getting the better of people, as if every dozen of sherry were a hand of cards; and would often, for the mere pleasure of playing a trick, lose a customer without really making a penny by him. Good-natured, as I said, with a rude foundation of honesty at the bottom which made my father put up with him, (indeed, so far as I can find out, no one of all my relations was ever dishonest at heart, and most of them have been only too simple,) he never lied about his sherry or adulterated it, but tried to get little advantages in bargains, and make the customer himself to choose the worst wine at the money, and so on—trying always to get the most he could out of my father in the same way, yet affectionate in a dumb-doggish sort, and not ungrateful, he went scamble-shambling on, a plague to the end, yet through all, a nephew.

182. William, the third of the Perth boys, had all John's faults of disposition, but greater powers, and, above all, resolution

and perseverance, with a rightly foresighted pride, not satisfied in trivial or momentary successes, but knitting itself into steady ambition, with some deep-set notions of duty and principles of conscience farther strengthening it. His character, however, developed slowly, nor ever freed itself from the flaws which ran like a geological cleavage through the whole brotherhood: while his simplicities in youth were even more manifest than theirs, and as a schoolboy, he was certainly the awkwardest, and was thought the foolishest, of the four.

He became, however, a laborious and sagacious medical student, came up to London to walk the hospitals; and on passing his examination for medical practitioner, was established by my father in a small shop in the Bayswater Road, when he began—without purchase of any former favour, but camped there like a gipsy by the roadside,—general practice, chiefly among the poor, and not enough to live upon for a year or two (without supplemental pork and applesauce from Denmark Hill), but conscientious and earnest, paying largely in gathered knowledge

and insight. I shall often have occasion to speak of him hereafter; it is enough to say in advance that after a few years of this discipline he took his diploma of M.D. with credit, and became an excellent physician—and the best chess-player I have ever known.

CHAPTER X.

CROSSMOUNT.

183. MY best readers cannot but be alike astonished and disappointed that I have nothing set down of the conversation, cordial always, and if George Richmond were there, better than brilliant, which flowed at these above described Vandalic feasts. But it seemed to me that all the sap and bloom of it were lost in deliberate narrative, and its power shorn away if one could not record also the expression of the speaker; while of absolutely useful and tenable resulting sense, there was, to my unsympathetic mind, little to be got hold of. Turner resolutely refused to speak on the subject of art at all, and every one of us felt that we must ask him no questions in that direction; while of what any other painter said, I was careless, regarding them all as limited to their own fields, and unable to help me in mine.

I had two distinct instincts to be satisfied, rather than ends in view, as I wrote day by day with higher-kindled feeling the second volume of 'Modern Painters.' The first, to explain to myself, and then demonstrate to others, the nature of that quality of beauty which I now saw to exist through all the happy conditions of living organism; and down to the minutest detail and finished material structure naturally produced. The second, to explain and illustrate the power of two schools of art unknown to the British public, that of Angelico in Florence, and Tintoret in Venice.

184. I have no knowledge, and can form no conjecture, of the extent to which the book in either direction accomplished its purpose. It is usually read only for its pretty passages; its theory of beauty is scarcely ever noticed,—its praise of Tintoret has never obtained the purchase of any good example of him for the National Gallery. But I permit myself—perhaps with vain complacency—the thought that I have had considerable share in the movement which led to the useful work of the Arundel Society in Italy, and to the

enlargement of the National collection by its now valuable series of fourteenth-century religious paintings.

The style of the book was formed on a new model, given me by Osborne Gordon. I was old enough now to feel that neither Johnsonian balance nor Byronic alliteration were ultimate virtues in English prose; and I had been reading with care, on Gordon's counsel, both for its arguments and its English, Richard Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity.' I had always a trick of imitating, more or less, the last book I had read with admiration; and it farther seemed to me that for the purposes of argument, (and my own theme was, according to my notion, to be argued out invincibly,) Hooker's English was the perfectest existing model. At all events, I did the best I then knew how, leaving no passage till I had put as much thought into it as it could be made to carry, and chosen the words with the utmost precision and tune I could give them.

For the first time in my life, when I had finished the last sentence, I was really tired. In too long readings at Oxford I got stupid and sleepy, but not fatigued: now, however,

I felt distinctly that my head could do no more; and with much satisfied thankfulness, after the revise of the last sheet was sent to printer, found myself on the bows of the little steamer, watching their magical division of the green waves between Dover and Calais.

185. Little steamers they all were, then; nor in the least well appointed, nor aspiring to any pride of shape or press of speed, their bits of sails worn and patched like those of an old fishing-boat. Here, for modest specimen of my then proper art style, I give my careful drawing of the loose lashed jib of one of them, as late as 1854.* The immeasurable delight to me of being able to loiter and swing about just over the bowsprit and watch the plunge of the bows, if there was the least

* In which year we must have started impatiently, without our rubrical gooseberry pie, for I find the drawing is dated '10th May, my father's birthday,' and thus elucidated, 'Opposite,' (i.e. on leaf of diary,) 'the jib of steamer seen from inside it on the deck. The double curve at the base of it is curious; in reality the curves were a good deal broken, the sail being warped like a piece of wetted paper. The rings by which it holds, being *alternately* round and edge to the eye, are curious. The *lines* are of course seams, which go to the bottom of the sail; the brown marks running short the same way, are stains.'

swell or broken sea to lift them, with the hope of Calais at breakfast, and the horses' heads set straight for Mont Blanc to-morrow, is one of the few pleasures I look back to as quite unmixed. In getting a Turner drawing I always wanted another; but I didn't want to be in more boats than one at once.

As I had done my second volume greatly to my father's and mother's delight, (they used both to cry a little, at least my father generally did, over the pretty passages, when I read them after breakfast,) it had been agreed that they should both go with me that summer to see all the things and pictures spoken of,—Ilaria, and the Campo Santo, and St. Mary's

Beauvais apse were literally the only pieces that came up to my mark; ordinary minsters and palaces, however they might set themselves up for sublime, usually hurt me by some manner of disproportion or pretence; and my best joys were in small pieces of provincial building, full of character, and naturally graceful and right in their given manner. In this kind the little wooden belfry of Evreux, of which Prout's drawing is photographed at page 42 of my 'Memoir,'* is consummate; but the Calais one, though of far later and commoner style, is also matchless, far or near, in that rude way, and has been a perpetual delight and lesson to me. Prout has a little idealized it in the distance of the drawing of Calais Harbour, page 40 in the same book; I never tried to draw it myself, the good of it being not in any sculpturesque detail, but in the complex placing of its plain, square-cut props and ties, taking some pretence of pinnacle on them, and being really as structurally useful, though by their linked circletting instead of their

* Printed by the Fine Art Society, 1880.

weight. There was never time in the happy afternoon to do this carefully enough, though I got a colour-note once of the church-spire, loved in a deeper way, ('Modern Painters,' Vol. IV., Chap. I.,) but the belfry beat me. After all, the chief charm of it was in being seen from my bedroom at Desseins, and putting me to sleep and waking me with its chimes.

187. Calais is properly a Flemish, not French town (of course the present town is all, except belfry and church, built in the seventeenth century, no vestige remaining of Plantagenet Calais); it has no wooden houses, which mark the essential French civic style, but only brick or chalk ones, with, originally, most of them, good indented Flemish stone gables and tiled roofs. True French roofs are never tiled, but slated, and have no indented gables, but bold dormer windows rising over the front, never, in any pretty street groups of them, without very definite expression of pride. Poor little Calais had indeed nothing to be proud of, but it had a quaint look of contentment with itself on those easy terr[illegible]e dignity in its strong ramparts and

drawbridge gates; and, better than dignity, real power and service in the half-mile of pier, reaching to the low-tide breakers across its field of sand.

Sunset, then, seen from the pier-head across those whispering fringes; belfry chime at evening and morning; and the new life of that year, 1846, was begun.

188. After our usual rest at Champagnole, we went on over the Cenis to Turin, Verona, and Venice; whereat I began showing my father all my new discoveries in architecture and painting. But there began now to assert itself a difference between us I had not calculated on. For the first time I verily perceived that my father was older than I, and not immediately nor easily to be put out of his way of thinking in anything. We had been entirely of one mind about the carved porches of Abbeville, and living pictures of Vandyck; but when my father now found himself required to admire also flat walls, striped like the striped calico of an American flag, and oval-eyed saints like the figures on a Chinese teacup, he grew restive. Farther, all the fine writing and polite *éclat* of 'Modern Painters' had never

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reconciled him to my total resignation of the art of poetry; and beyond this, he entirely, and with acute sense of loss to himself, doubted and deplored my now constant habit of making little patches and scratches of the sections and fractions of things in a notebook which used to live in my waistcoat pocket, instead of the former Proutesque or Robertsian outline of grand buildings and sublime scenes. And I was the more viciously stubborn in taking my own way, just because everybody was with him in these opinions; and I was more and more persuaded every day, that everybody was always wrong.

Often in my other books,—and now, once for all, and finally here,—I have to pray my readers to note that this continually increasing arrogance was not founded on vanity in me, but on sorrow. There is a vast difference—there is all the difference—between the vanity of displaying one's own faculties, and the grief that other people do not use their own. Vanity would have led me to continue writing and drawing what every one praised; and disciplining my own already practised hand into finer dexterities. But I had no

thought but of learning more, and teaching what truth I knew,—assuredly then, and ever since, for the student's sake, not my own fame's; however sensitive I may be to the fame, also, afterwards.

189. Meantime, my father and I did not get on well in Italy at all, and one of the worst, wasp-barbed, most tingling pangs of my memory is yet of a sunny afternoon at Pisa, when, just as we were driving past my pet La Spina chapel, my father, waking out of a reverie, asked me suddenly, 'John, what shall I give the coachman?' Whereupon, I, instead of telling him what he asked me, as I ought to have done with much complacency at being referred to on the matter, took upon me with impatience to reprove, and lament over, my father's hardness of heart in thinking at that moment of sublunary affairs. And the spectral Spina of the chapel has stayed in my own heart ever since.

Nor did things come right that year till we got to Chamouni, where, having seen enough by this time of the upper snows, I was content to enjoy my morning walks in the valley with papa and mamma; after which, I had r-

than enough to do among the lower rocks and woods till dinner time, and in watching phases of sunset afterwards from beneath the slopes of the Breven.

190. The last Chamouni entry, with its sequel, is perhaps worth keeping.

'Aug. 23rd.—Rained nearly all day; but I walked to the source of the Arveron—now a mighty fall down the rocks of the Montanvert;* note the intense scarletty purple of the shattered larch stems, wet, opposed with yellow from decomposing turpentine; the alder stems looking much like birch, covered with the white branchy moss that looks like a coral. Went out again in the afternoon towards the Cascade des Peleims; surprised to see the real rain-clouds assume on the Breven, about one-third of its height, the form of cirri,—long, continuous, and delicate; the same tendency showing in the clouds all along the valley, some inclining to the fish-shape, and others to the cobweb-like wavy film.'

'Lucerne, Aug. 31st.—The result of the

* The rocks over which the Glacier des Bois descends, I meant.

above phenomena was a little lift of the clouds next morning, which gave me some of the finest passages about Mont Blanc I ever beheld; and then, weather continually worse till now. We have had two days' ceaseless rain, this, the third, hardly interrupted, and the lake right into the town.'

191. There was great joy in helping my mother from the door of the Cygne along a quarter of a mile of extempore plank bridge in the streets, and in writing a rhymed letter in description of the lifted lake and swirling Reuss, to little Louise Ellis (Mr. Telford's niece, at this time one of the happy presences in Widmore), of which a line or two yet remain in my ears, about a market boat moored above the submerged quay—

'Full of mealy potatoes and marrowfat pease,
And honey, and butter, and Simmenthal cheese,
And a poor little calf, not at all at its ease,
Tied by the neck to a box at its knees.
Don't you agree with me, dear Louise,
It was unjustifiably cruel in
Them to have brought it in all that squeeze
Over the lake from Fluelen?'

And so home, that year by Troyes, with my own calf's mind also little at its ease,

under confused squeeze of Alps, clouds, and architecture; yet finding room still in the waistcoat pocket for notes on the external tracery of St. Urbain, which fixed that church for me as the highest type of Gothic construction, and took me off all Italian models for the next four years. The abstraction, however, though St. Urbain began it, was not altogether that Saint's fault.

192. The press notices of my second volume had been either cautious or complimentary,—none, to the best of my memory, contemptuous. My friends took much pleasure in it, and the estimate formed of it in the old Scott and John Murray circle was shown by Lockhart's asking me that winter to review Lord Lindsay in the 'Quarterly.' I was shy of doing this, being well aware that Lord Lindsay knew much more about Italian painting than I did; but I thought no one else likely to do it better, and had another motive to the business,—of an irresistible nature.

The little high-foreheaded Charlotte had by this time become a Scottish fairy, White Lady, and witch of the fatallest sort, looking as if she had just risen out of the stream

in Rhymer's Glen, and could only be seen by favouring glance of moonlight over the Eildons. I used to see her, however, sometimes, by the dim lamplight of this world, at Lady Davy's,—Sir Humphrey's widow,—whose receptions in Park Street gathered usually, with others, the literary and scientific men who had once known Abbotsford. But I never could contrive to come to any serious speech with her, and at last, with my usual wisdom in such matters, went away into Cumberland to recommend myself to her by writing a Quarterly Review.

193. I went in the early spring* to the Salutation at Ambleside, then yet a country village, and its inn a country inn. But there, whether it was the grilled salmon for breakfast, or too prolonged reflections on the Celestial Hierarchies, I fell into a state of despondency till then unknown to me, and of which I knew not the like again till fourteen years afterwards. The whole morning was painfully spent in balancing phrases; and from my boat, in the afternoons on Windermere, it appeared to me that the hills

* 1847.

leaden, and the hills were low. Lockhart, on the first reception of the laboured MS., asked me to cut out all my best bits, (just as Keble had done before with my prize poem). In both cases I submitted patiently to the loss of my feathers; but was seriously angry and disgusted when Lockhart also intimated to me that a sentence in which I had with perfect justice condemned Mr. Gally Knight's representation 'out of his own head' of San Michele at Lucca, could not—Mr. Gally Knight being a *protégé* of Albemarle Street—appear in the 'Quarterly.' This first clear insight into the arts of bookselling and reviewing made me permanently distrustful of both trades; and hearing no word, neither, of Charlotte's taking the smallest interest in the celestial hierarchies, I returned to town in a temper and state of health in which my father and mother thought that once more the best place for me would be Leamington.

I thought so myself, too; and went penitently again to Jephson, who at once stopped the grilled salmon, and ordered salts and promenade, as before.

194. It chanced that at this time there was

staying at Leamington, also under Jephson's care, the son of an old friend, perhaps flame, of my father's, Mrs. Farquharson,—a youth now of some two or three-and-twenty, but who seemed to me older than myself, being already a man of some position and influence in Perthshire. A few years before he had come into possession, under trustees, of a large Highland estate, on the condition that he should change his name for that of Macdonald, (properly reduplicate, — Macdonald Macdonald,) considerable sums being reserved in the trustees' hands by the terms of the will, for the purchase of more land. At that time his properties were St. Martin's near Perth, where his mother lived; Rossie Castle, above Montrose; another castle, with much rock and moor round it, name forgotten, just south of Schehallien; and a shooting-lodge, Crossmount, at the foot of Schehallien, between Lochs Rannoch and Tummel. The young Macdonald had come to see us once or twice with his mother, at Denmark Hill, and, partly I suppose at his mother's instigation, partly, the stars know how, took a true liking to me; which I could not but answer with surprised

thankfulness. He was a thin, dark Highlander, with some expression of gloom on his features when at rest, but with quite the sweetest smile for his friends that I have ever seen, except in one friend of later years, of whom in his place.

He was zealous in the Scottish Evangelical Faith, and wholly true and upright in it, so far as any man can be true in any faith, who is bound by the laws, modes, and landed estates of this civilized world.

195. The thoughtful reader must have noted with some displeasure that I have scarcely, whether at college or at home, used the word 'friendship' with respect to any of my companions. The fact is, I am a little puzzled by the specialty and singularity of poetical and classic friendship. I get, distinctively, attached to places, to pictures, to dogs, cats, and girls: but I have had, Heaven be thanked, many and true friends, young and old, who have been of boundless help and good to me,—nor I quite helpless to them; yet for none of whom have I ever obeyed George Herbert's mandate, "Thy friend put in thy bosom; wear his eyes, still in thy heart,

that he may see what's there; if cause require, thou art his sacrifice," etc. Without thinking myself particularly wicked, I found nothing in my heart that seemed to me worth anybody's seeing; nor had I any curiosity for insight into those of others; nor had I any notion of being a sacrifice for them, or the least wish that they should exercise for my good any but their most pleasurable accomplishments,—Dawtrey Drewitt, for instance, being farther endeared because he could stand on his head, and catch vipers by the tail; Gershom Collingwood because he could sing French songs about the Earthly Paradise; and Alic Wedderburn, because he could swim into tarns and fetch out water-lilies for me, like a water-spaniel. And I never expected that they should care much for *me*, but only that they should read my books; and looking back, I believe they liked and like me, nearly as well as if I hadn't written any.

196. First then, of this Love's Meinie of my own age, or under it, William Macdonald took to me; and got me to promise, that autumn, to come to him at Crossmount, where it was

his evangelical duty to do some shooting in due season.

I went into Scotland by Dunbar; saw again Loch Leven, Glen Farg, Rose Terrace, and the Inch of Perth; and went on, pensive enough, by Killiecrankie, to the clump of pines which sheltered my friend's lodge from the four winds of the wilderness.

After once walking up Schehallien with him and his keepers, with such entertainment as I could find in the mewing and shrieking of some seventy or eighty grey hares, who were brought down in bags and given to the poorer tenantry; and forming final opinion that the poorer tenantry might better have been permitted to find the stock of their hare-soup for themselves, I forswore further fashionable amusement, and set myself, when the days were fine, to the laborious eradication of a crop of thistles, which had been too successfully grown by northern agriculture in one of the best bits of unboggy ground by the Tummel.

197. I have carelessly omitted noticing till now, that the ambitions in practical gardening, of which the germs, as aforesaid, had

been blighted at Herne Hill, nevertheless still prevailed over the contemplative philosophy in me so far as to rekindle the original instinct of liking to dig a hole, whenever I got leave. Sometimes, in the kitchen garden of Denmark Hill, the hole became a useful furrow; but when once the potatoes and beans were set, I got no outlet nor inlet for my excavatory fancy or skill during the rest of the year. The thistle-field at Crossmount was an inheritance of amethystine treasure to me, and the working hours in it are among the few in my life which I remember with entire serenity —as being certain I could have spent them no better. For I had wise—though I say it—thoughts in them, too many to set down here *(they are scattered afterwards up and down* in 'Fors' and 'Munera Pulveris'), and wholesome sleep after them, in spite of the owls, who were many, in the clumps of pine by Tummel shore.

Mostly a quiet stream there, through the bogs, with only a bit of step or tumble a foot or two high on occasion; above which I was able practically to ascertain for myself the exact power of level water in a current at

the top of a fall. I need not say that on the Cumberland and Swiss lakes, and within and without the Lido, I had learned by this time how to manage a boat—an extremely different thing, be it observed, from steering one in a race; and the little two-foot steps of Tummel were, for scientific purposes, as good as falls twenty or two hundred feet high. I found that I could put the stern of my boat full six inches into the air over the top of one of these little falls, and hold it there, with very short sculls, against the *level** stream, with perfect ease for any time I liked; and any child of ten years old may do the same. The nonsense written about the terror of feeling streams quicken as they approach a mill weir is in a high degree dangerous, in making giddy water parties lose their presence of mind if any such chance take them unawares. And (to get this needful bit of brag, and others connected with it, out of the way at once), I have to say that half my power of ascertaining facts of any kind connected with the arts, is in my stern habit of doing

* Distinguish carefully between this and a sloping rapid.

the thing with my own hands till I know its difficulty; and though I have no time nor wish to acquire showy skill in anything, I make myself clear as to what the skill means, and is. Thus, when I had to direct road-making at Oxford, I sate, myself, with an iron-masked stone-breaker, on his heap, to break stones beside the London road, just under Iffley Hill, till I knew how to advise my too impetuous pupils to effect their purposes in that matter, instead of breaking the heads of their hammers off, (a serious item in our daily expenses). I learned from an Irish street crossing-sweeper what he could teach me of sweeping; but found myself in that matter nearly his match, from my boy-gardening; and again and again I swept bits of St. Giles' foot-pavements, showing my corps of subordinates how to finish into depths of gutter. I worked with a carpenter until I could take an even shaving six feet long off a board; and painted enough with properly and delightfully soppy green paint to feel the master's superiority in the use of a blunt brush. But among all these and other such studentships, the reader will be

surprised, I think, to hear, seriously, that the instrument I finally decided to be the most difficult of management was the trowel. For accumulated months of my boy's life I watched bricklaying and paving;* but when I took the trowel into my own hand, abandoned at once all hope of attaining the least real skill with it, unless I gave up all thoughts of any future literary or political career. But the quite happiest bit of manual work I ever did was for my mother in the old inn at Sixt, where she alleged the stone staircase to have become unpleasantly dirty, since last year. Nobody in the inn appearing to think it possible to wash it, I brought the necessary buckets of water from the yard myself, poured them into beautiful image of Versailles waterworks down the fifteen or twenty steps of the great staircase, and with the strongest broom I could find, cleaned every step into

* Of our paviour friends, Mr. and Mrs. Duprez (*we* always spelt and pronounced Depree), of Langley, near Slough, and Gray's Inn (pronounced Grazen) Lane, in London (see the seventh number of 'Dilecta'). The laying of the proper quantity of sand under the pavement stones being a piece of trowel-handling as subtle as spreading the mortar under a brick.

its corners. It was quite lovely work to dash the water and drive the mud, from each, with accumulating splash down to the next one.

198. I must return for a moment to the clumps of pine at Crossmount, and their company of owls, because—whatever wise people may say of them—I at least myself have found the owl's cry always prophetic of mischief to me; and though I got wiser, as aforesaid, in my field of thistles, yet the Scottish Athena put on against me at that time her closed visor (not that Greek helmets ever have a visor, but when Athena hides her face, she throws her casque forward and down, and only looks through the oval apertures of it). Her adversity to me at this time was shown by my loss of Miss Lockhart, whom I saw for the last time at one of Lady Davy's dinners, where Mr. Hope-Scott took the foot of the table Lady Davy had given me Miss Lockhart to take down, but I found she didn't care for a word I said; and Mr. Gladstone was on the other side of her—and the precious moments were all thrown away in quarrelling across her, with him, about

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198. I must return for a moment to the clumps of pine at Crossmount, and their company of owls, because — whatever wise people may say of them—I at least myself have found the owl's cry always prophetic of mischief to me, and though I got wiser, as aforesaid, in my field of thistles, yet the Scottish Athena put on against me at that time her closed visor (not that Greek helmets ever have a visor, but when Athena hides her face, she throws her casque forward and down, and only looks through the oval apertures of it) Her adversity to me at this time was shown by my loss of Miss Lockhart, whom I saw for the last time at one of Lady Davy's dinners, where Mr. Hope-Scott took the foot of the table Lady Davy had given me Miss Lockhart to take down, but I found she didn't care for a word I said, and Mr Gladstone was on the other side of her—and the precious moments were all thrown away in quarrelling across her, with him, about

Neapolitan prisons.* He couldn't see, as I did, that the real prisoners were the people outside.

199. Meantime, restraining the ideals and assuaging the disappointments of my outer-world life, the home-work went on with entirely useful steadiness. The admiration of tree-branches taught me at Fontainebleau, led me now into careful discernment of their species; and while my father, as was his custom, read to my mother and me for half-an-hour after breakfast, I always had a fresh-gathered outer spray of a tree before me, of which the mode of growth, with a single leaf full size, had to be done at that sitting in fine pen outline, filled with the simple colour of the leaf at one wash. On fine days, when the grass was dry, I used to lie down on it and draw the blades as they grew, with the ground herbage of buttercup or hawkweed mixed among them, until every square foot of meadow, or mossy bank, became an infinite picture and possession to me, and the grace and adjustment to each other of growing

* *Ante*, p. 74, § 51.

nor spectacles. These have their uses for the curious and the aged; as stilts and crutches have for people who want to walk in mud; or cannot safely walk but on three legs anywhere. But in health of mind and body, men should see with their own eyes, hear and speak without trumpets, walk on their feet, not on wheels, and work and war with their arms, not with engine-beams, nor rifles warranted to kill twenty men at a shot before you can see them. The use of the great mechanical powers may indeed sometimes be compatible with the due exercise of our own; but the use of instruments for exaggerating the powers of sight necessarily deprives us of the best pleasures of sight. A flower is to be watched as it grows, in its association with the earth, the air, and the dew; its leaves are to be seen as they expand in sunshine; its colours, as they embroider the field, or illumine the forest. Dissect or magnify them, and all you discover or learn at last will be that oaks, roses, and daisies, are all made of fibres and bubbles; and these again, of charcoal and water; but, for all their peeping and probing, nobody knows how.

201. And far more difficult work than this
s on foot in other directions. Too sorrow-
ly it had now become plain to me that
ither George Herbert, nor Richard Hooker,
r Henry Melvill, nor Thomas Dale, nor the
ean of Christ Church, nor the Bishop of
xford, could in anywise explain to me what
irner meant by the contest of Apollo with the
thon, or by the repose of the great dragon
ove the Garden of the Hesperides.

For such nearer Python as might wreathe
elf against my own now gathering strength,
for such serpent of Eternity as might reveal
awe to me amidst the sands even of Forest
ill or Addington Heath, I was yet wholly
prepared.

All that I had been taught had to be
estioned; all that I had trusted, proved. I
nnot enter yet into any account of this trial;
it the following fragment of 1847 diary will
form the reader enough of the courses of
ought which I was being led into beside the
ies of Avon, and under the mounds, that
ere once the walls, of Kenilworth.

202. 'It was cold and dark and gusty and
ining by fits, at two o'clock to-day, and

until four; but I went out, determined to have my walk, get wet or no.

'I took the road to the village where I had been the first day with Macdonald, and about a mile and a half out, I was driven by the rain into a little cottage, remarkable outside for two of the most noble groups of hollyhocks I ever saw—one rose-colour passing into purple, and the other rich purple and opposed by a beautiful sulphur yellow one. It was about a quarter to five, and they (the woman and her mother) were taking their tea (pretty strong, and without milk) and white bread. Round the room were hung several prints of the Crucifixion, and some Old Testament subjects, and two bits of tolerable miniature; one in what I thought at first was an uniform, but it was the footman's dress of the woman's second son, who is with a master in Leamington; the other a portrait of a more distingué-looking personage, who, I found on inquiry, was the eldest son, cook in the Bush inn at Carlisle. Inquiring about the clergyman of the village, the woman—whose name, I found, was Sabina—said they had lost their best earthly friend, the late clergyman, a

Mr. Waller, I think, who had been with them upwards of eleven years, and had got them into that cottage; her husband having been in his service, and he fretted himself, she said, too much, about getting them into it, and never lived to see them in it after all, dying of decline in London. She spoke of him with tears in her eyes. I looked at the books lying on the table, well used all of them, and found three Bibles, three Prayer Books, a treatise on practical Christianity, another on seriousness in religion, and Baxter's "Saint's Rest." I asked her if they read no books but religious ones. "No, sir; I should be very sorry if there were any others in my house," said she. As I took up the largest Bible, she said "it was a nice print, but sadly tattered; she wished she could get it bound." This I promised to get done for her, and left her much pleased.

'It had rained hard while I stayed in the cottage, but had ceased when I went on, and presently appeared such a bright bar of streaky sky in the west, seen over the glittering hedges, as made my heart leap again, it put so much of old feelings into me of far-away

the Hotel du Mont Blanc at St. Martin's; to me, certainly, of all my inn homes, the most eventful, pathetic, and sacred. How to begin speaking of it, I do not know; still less how to end; but here are three entries, consecutive, in my diary of 1849, which may lead me a little on my way.

204. 'St. Martin's, evening, July 11th. What a strange contrast there is between these lower valleys, with their over-wrought richness mixed with signs of waste and disease, their wild noon-winds shaking their leaves into palsy, and the dark storms folding themselves about their steep mural precipices, — between these and the pastora green, pure aiguilles, and fleecy rain-clouds o Chamouni; yet nothing could be more divi than (to-day) the great valley of level cor field; half, smooth close to the ground, y yellow and warm with stubble; half, lad with sheaves; the vines in massy gr above, with Indian corn, and the rich bro and white cottages (in midst of them).

July 13th. I walked with my father night up to the vine-covered cottages u the Aiguille de Varens.

July 15th, Samoens. We had a stony road to traverse in chars from St. Martin's yesterday, and a hot walk this morning over the ground between this (Samoens) and Sixt. As I passed through the cornfields, I found they gave me a pleasant feeling by reminding me of Leamington.'

'We' in this entry means only my father and mother and I; poor Mary was with us no more. She had got married, as girls always will,—the foolish creatures!—however happy they might be at home, or abroad, with their own people.

Mary heartily loved her aunt and uncle, by this time, and was sorry to leave them: yet she must needs marry her brother-in-law, a good, quiet London solicitor, and was now deep in household cares in a dull street, Pimlico way, when she might have been gaily helping me to sweep the stairs at Samoens, and gather bluets * in those Leamington-like cornfields.

205. The sentence about 'noon-wind' refers

* The blue centaury-like five gentians in a level cluster. Among the corn, it teaches, like the poppy, that everything isn't meant to be eaten.

to a character of the great valleys on the north of the main Alpine chain, which curiously separates them from those of the Italian side. These great northern valleys are, in the main, four,—those of the Rhine (the Grisons), of the Reuss (Canton Uri), of the Rhone (Canton Valais), and the Arve (Faucigny),—all of them in ordinarily fine summer weather oppressed by quiet heat in the early part of the day, then burst in upon by wild wind blowing up the valley about noon, or later; a diurnal storm which raises the dust in whirlwinds, and wholly prevents the growth of trees in any beautiful forms, their branches being daily tormented into every irregular and fretful curve they can be strained to, and their leaves wrung round on the stalks, so that half their vitality is torn out of them.

Strangely, and, so far as I know, without notice by scientific men of the difference, the Italian valleys are, in the greater number of them, redeemed from this calamitous law. I have not lately been in either Val d'Aosta, or the Valtelline, nor ever stayed in the upper valley of the Adige; but neither in the Val

Anzasca, the Val Formazza, the Val d'Isella, or the southern St. Gothard, is there any trace of the action of malignant wind like this northern one, which I suppose to be, in the essence of it, the summer form of the bise. It arises, too fatally, punctual to the noon, in the brightest days of spring all over western Savoy.

Be that as it may, in the fields neighbouring the two villages which mark the eastern and western extremities of the chain of Mont Blanc, — Sallenches, namely, and Martigny, where I have passed many of the most serviceable days of my life,—this noon wind, associated with inundation, is one of the chief agents in producing the character of the whole scene, and in forming the tempers of the inhabitants. Very early my mind became fixed on this their physical distress, issuing finally not in the distortion of growing trees only, but in abortion of human form and mind, while yet the roots of beauty and virtue remained always of the same strength in the race, so that, however decimated by cretinism, the Savoyard and Valaisan retain to this day their vigorous

personal character, wherever the conditions of ordinary health are observed for them.

206. So earnestly was my heart set on discovering and contending with the neglect and error which were the causes of so great evil to so noble a people, that—I must here anticipate the progress of many years—I was in treaty again and again for pieces of land near the chain of Mont Blanc on which I thought to establish my life, and round which to direct its best energies. I first actually bought the piece of meadow in Chamouni above the chalets of Blaitiere; but sold it on perceiving what ruin was inevitable in the valley after it became a tourist rendezvous. Next, I entered into treaty with the Commune of Bonneville for the purchase of the whole top of the Brezon; but this negotiation came to nothing, because the Commune, unable to see why anybody should want to buy a waste of barren rock, with pasturage only for a few goats in the summer, concluded that I had found a gold mine or a coal-bed in it, and raised their price on me till I left the Brezon on their hands: (Osborne Gordon having also walked up with me to my proposed

hermitage, and, with his usual sagacity, calculated the daily expense of getting anything to eat, up those 4,000 feet from the plain).

207. Next, I was tempted by a grand, fourteenth century, square-set castle, with walls six feet thick, and four round towers, cone-roofed, at the angles, on the west bank of the Arve, below La Roche: but this baronial residence having been for many years used by the farmer to whom it belonged for his fruit store, and the three floors of it only accessible by ladders through trap doors in them, and soaked through with the juice of rotten apples and plums;—so that the most feasible way of making the place habitable would have been to set fire to the whole, and refit the old masonry with an inner lodging of new wood,—(which might as well have been built inside a mountain cave at once as within those six-feet thick of cemented rock,) —I abandoned also the idea of this gloomy magnificence, and remained fancy-free till 1870, when I again was about to enter into treaty for a farm two thousand feet above Martigny, on the ridge separating the Forclaz from the glen of the Trient, and commanding

view of the whole valley of the Rhone, westward to Sierre, and northward to Bex. Design ended by my illness at Matlock, and following sorrow; of which in their due time.

Up to the year with which I am now concerned, however, 1849, when I was just thirty, no plans of this sort had dawned on me: but the journeying of the year, mostly alone, by the Allée Blanche and Col de Ferret round Mont Blanc and then to Zermatt, for the work chiefly necessary to the fourth volume of 'Modern Painters,' gave me the melancholy knowledge of the agricultural condition of the great Alpine chain which was the origin of the design of St. George's Guild; and that walk with my father at St. Martin's virtually closed the days of youthful happiness, and began my true work in the world—for what it is worth.

208. An entry or two from the beginning of the year may be permitted, connecting old times with new.

'April 15th, Wednesday. Left home, stayed at Folkestone, happy, but with bad cough, and slight feverish feeling, till Monday. Crossed to Boulogne, with desperate cold coming

on. Wrote half letter to Miss Wedderburn,' (afterwards Mrs. Blackburn,) 'in carriage, going over:' the carriages, of course, in old times being lashed on the deck, one sat inside, either for dignity or shelter.

April 24th, Tuesday. To Paris on rail. Next morning, very thankfully changing horses, by as lovely sunshine as ever I saw, at Charenton. Slept at Sens. Thursday, Mont-bard; Friday, Dijon. All these evenings I was working hard at my last plate of Giotto.' (G.'s tower, I meant; frontispiece to 'Seven Lamps,' first edition.) 'Stopped behind in the lovely morning at Sens, and went after my father and mother an hour later.* It was very cold, and I was driven out by the fires going out, it being in the large room at the back of the yard, with oil pictures only to be got at through my father's bedroom †

April 29th, Sunday, was a threatening day at Champagnole. We just walked to the

* They had given me a little brougham to myself, like the hunting doctor's in 'Punch,' so that I could stop behind, and catch them up when I chose

† The inn is fully and exquisitely described by Dickens in 'Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings'

entrance of the wood and back,—I colded and coughing, and generally headachy. In the evening the landlady, who noticed my illness, made me some syrup of violets. Whether by fancy, or chance, or by virtue of violet tea, I got better thenceforward, and have, thank God, had no cold since!' (Diary very slovenly hereabouts; I am obliged to mend a phrase or two.)

209. 'Monday, 30th April. To Geneva, through a good deal of snow, by St. Cergues; which frightened my mother, they having a restive horse in their carriage. She got out on a bank near where I saw the first gentians, and got into mine, as far as St. Cergues.' (It is deserving of record that at this time, just on the point of coming in sight of the Alps—and that for the first time for three years, a moment which I had looked forward to thinking I should be almost fainting with joy, and want to lie down on the earth and take it in my arms;—at this time, I say, I was irrecoverably sulky because George had not got me butter to my bread at Les Rousses.)

Tuesday, 1st May. Walked about Geneva, went to Bauttes', and drew wood anemones.

Thursday, 3rd May, Chambery. Up the hill that looks towards Aix, with my father and mother; had a chat with an old man, a proprietor of some land on the hillside, who complained bitterly that the priests and the revenue officers seized everything, and that nothing but black bread was left for the peasant.*

Friday, 4th May. Half breakfasted at Chambery; started about seven for St. Laurent du Pont, thence up to the Chartreuse, and walked down (all of us); which, however, being done in a hurry, I little enjoyed. But a walk after dinner up to a small chapel, placed on a waving group of mounds, covered with the most smooth and soft sward, over whose sunny gold came the dark piny precipices of the Chartreuse hills, gave me infinite pleasure. I had seen also for the third time, by the Chartreuse torrent, the most wonderful of all Alpine birds—a grey, fluttering stealthy creature, about the size of a sparrow, but of colder grey, and more graceful, which haunts the sides of the fiercest torrents. There is something more strange in it than

* Complaints of this kind always mean that you are near a luxurious capital or town. In this case, Aix les Bains.

in the seagull—*that* seems a powerful creature; and the power of the sea, not of a kind so adverse, so hopelessly destructive; but this small creature, silent, tender and light, almost like a moth in its low and irregular flight,—almost touching with its wings the crests of waves that would overthrow a granite wall, and haunting the hollows of the black, cold, herbless rocks that are continually shaken by their spray, has perhaps the nearest approach to the look of a spiritual existence I know in animal life.

210. Saturday, May 5th. Back to Chambery, and up by Rousseau's house to the point where the thunder-shower came down on us three years ago.'

I think it was extremely pretty and free-hearted of my mother to make these reverent pilgrimages to Rousseau's house.*

* 'Les Charmettes.' So also 'un détachement de la troupe' (of his schoolboys) 'sous la conduite de Mr. Topffer, qui ne sait pas le chemin, entreprend de gravir le cpteau des Charmettes, pour atteindre à l'habitation de Jean-Jacques Rousseau'—in the year 1833; and an admirably faithful and vivid drawing of the place, as it then stood (unchanged till 1849, when papa and mamma and their little St. Preux saw it), is given by Mr. Topffer's own hand on p. 17 of his work here quoted, 'Voyage à la Grande Chartreuse' (1833).

With whom I must here thankfully name, among my own masters, also St. Pierre: I having shamefully forgotten hitherto the immense influence of 'Paul and Virginia' amidst my early readings. Rousseau's effective political power I did not know till much later.

211. Richard Fall arrived that Saturday at Chambery; and by way of amends for our lost Welsh tour, (above, p 89, vol. ii.,) I took him to Vevay and Chamouni, where, on May 14th, the snow was still down to the valley; crisp frost everywhere, the Montanvert path entirely hidden, and clear slopes down all the couloirs perfectly even and smooth—ten to twenty feet deep of good, compact snow; no treacherous surface beds that could slip one over the other.

Couttet and I took Richard up to the cabane of the Montanvert, memory of the long snow walks at Herne Hill now mingling tenderly with the cloudless brightness of the Mer de Glace, in its robe of winter ermine. No venturing on that, however, of course, with every crevasse hidden; and nobody at the cabane yet, so we took Richard back to

the first couloir, showed him how to use foot and pole, to check himself if he went too fast, or got head-foremost; and we slid down the two thousand feet to the source of the Arveron, in some seven or eight minutes;* Richard vouchsafing his entire approval of that manner of progression by the single significant epithet, 'Pernicious!'

It was the last of our winter walks together. Richard did not die, like Charles, but he went on the Stock Exchange; married a wife, very nice and pretty; then grew rich; held a rich man's faiths in political economy; and bought bad prints of clipper packets in green sea; and so we gradually gave each other up —with all good wishes on both sides. But Richard, having no more winter walks, became too fat and well liking when he was past fifty—and *did* die, then; to his sister's great surprise and mine. The loss of him broke her heart, and she soon followed him.

212. During her forty-five or fifty years of life, Eliza Fall (had she but been named

* Including ecstatic or contemplative rests: of course one goes much faster than 200 feet a minute, on good snow, at an angle of 30°.

Elizabeth instead, I should have liked her ever so much better,) remained an entirely worthy and unworldly girl and woman, of true service and counsel always to her brother and me; caring for us both much more than she was cared for;—to my mother an affectionate and always acceptable, calling and chatting, friend: capable and intelligent from her earliest youth, nor without graceful fancy and rational poetic power. She wrote far better verses than ever I did, and might have drawn well, but had always what my mother called 'perjinketty' ways, which made her typically an old maid in later years. I imagine that, without the least unkind severity, she was yet much of a Puritan at heart, and one rarely heard, if ever, of her going to a theatre, or a rout, or a cricket-match; yet she was brilliant at a Christmas party, acted any part—that depended on whalebone—admirably, and was extremely witty in a charade. She felt herself sorrowfully turned out of her own house and place when her brother married, and spent most of her summers in travel, with another wise old maid for companion. Then Richard and his wife went to

live in Clapham Park; and Eliza stayed, wistfully alone, in her child's home, for a while. The lease expired, I suppose, and she did not care to renew it. The last time I saw her, she was enjoying some sort of town life in New Bond Street.

Little I thought, in clasping Richard's hand on the ridge of the Jaman that spring,—he going down into the Simmenthal, I back to Vevay,—that our companying together was ended: but I never have known anything of what was most seriously happening to me till afterwards; this—unastrological readers will please to note—being one of the leaden influences on me of the planet Saturn.

213. My father and mother were waiting for me at Geneva, and we set out, with short delay, for St. Martin's.

The road from Geneva to Chamouni, passing the extremity of the Salève about five miles south of the city, reaches at that point the sandy plateau of Annemasse, where forms of passport had (anciently) to be transacted, which gave a quarter of an hour for contemplation of what the day had to do.

From the street of the straggling village

one saw over the undulations of the nearer, and blue level of the distant, plain, a mass of rocky mountains, presenting for the most part their cliffs to the approaching traveller, and tossing their crests back in careless pride, above the district of well inhabited, but seldom traversed, ravines which wind between the lake of Annecy and vale of Sallenches.

Of these the nearest — yet about twelve miles distant—is the before-named Brezon, a majestic, but unterrific, fortalice of cliff, forest, and meadow, with unseen nests of village, and unexpected balm and honey of garden and orchard nursed in its recesses. The horses have to rest at Bonneville before we reach the foot of it; and the line, of its foundation first, and then of the loftier Mont Vergy, must be followed for seven or eight miles, without hope apparently of gaining access to the inner mountain world, except by footpath.

214. A way is opened at last by the Arve, which, rushing furiously through a cleft affording room only for road and river, grants entrance, when the strait is passed, to a valley

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without the like of it among the Alps. In all other avenues of approach to their central crests the torrents fall steeply, and in places appear to be still cutting their channels deeper, while their lateral cliffs have evidently been in earlier time, at intervals, connected, and rent or worn asunder by traceable violence or decay. But the valley of Cluse is in reality a narrow plain between two chains of mountains which have never been united, but each independently* raised, shattered, and softened into their present forms; while the river, instead of deepening the ravine it descends, has filled it to an unknown depth with beds of glacial sand, increased annually, though insensibly, by its wandering floods; but now practically level, and for the most part tenable, with a little logwork to fence off the stream at its angles, in large spaces of cultivable land.

In several turns of the valley the lateral cliffs go plumb down into these fields as if into a green lake; but usually, slopes of shale, now forest-hidden, ascend to heights of six or seven hundred feet before the cliffs

* In the same epoch of time, however. See Mr. Collingwood's 'Limestone Alps of Savoy.'

begin; then the mountain above becomes partly a fortress wall, partly banks of turf ascending around its bastions or between, but always guarded from avalanche by higher woods or rocks; the snows melting in early spring, and falling in countless cascades, mostly over the cliffs, and then in broken threads down the banks. Beautiful always, and innocent, the higher summits by midsummer are snowless, and no glacial moraine or torrent defaces or disturbs the solitude of their pastoral kingdom.

Leaving the carriage at Cluse, I always used to walk, through this valley, the ten miles to St. Martin's, resting awhile at the springs of Maglan, where, close under the cliff, the water thrills imperceptibly through the crannies of its fallen stones, deeper and deeper every instant; till, within three fathoms of its first trickling thread, it is a deep stream of dazzling brightness, dividing into swift branches eager for their work at the mill, or their ministry to the meadows.

Contrary again to the customs of less enchanted vales, this one opens gradually as it nears the greater mountain, its own

lateral cliffs rising also in proportion to its width—those on the left, as one approaches St. Martin's, into the vast towers and promontories of the Aiguille de Varens; those on the right into a mountain scarcely marked in any Alpine chart, yet from which, if one could climb its dangerous turf and mural diadem, there must be commanded precisely the most noble view of Mont Blanc granted by any summit of his sentinel chains.

215. In the only map of Switzerland which has ever been executed with common sense and intelligence ('Original von Keller's Zweiter Reisekarte der Schweitz,' 1844), this peak is, nevertheless, left without distinction from that called the 'Croix de Fer,' of which it is only a satellite. But there are any quantity of iron crosses on the Western Alps, and the proper name of this dominant peak is that given in M. Dajoz's lithographed 'Carte des rives du Lac de Genève,'*—'Mont Fleury';

* Chez Briquet et Fils, éditeurs, au bas de la Cité à Genève, 1860; extremely careful in its delineation of the lower mountain masses, and on the whole the best existing map for the ordinary traveller. The Alpine Club maps give nothing clearly but the taverns and footpaths.

though the more usual one with the old Chamouni guides was 'Montagne des Fours'; but I never heard any name given to its castellated outwork. In Studer's geological map it is well drawn, but nameless; in the Alpine Club's map of South-Western Alps, it is only a long ridge descending from the Mont Fleury, which, there called 'Pointe Percée,' bears a star, indicating a view of Mont Blanc, as probably of Geneva also, from that summit. But the vision from the lower promontory, which commands the Chamouni aiguilles with less foreshortening, and looks steep down into the valley of Cluse from end to end, must be infinitely more beautiful.

216. Its highest ridge is just opposite the Nant d'Arpenaz, and might in future descriptions of the Sallenche mountains be conveniently called the 'Tower of Arpenaz.' After passing the curved rock from which the waterfall leaps into its calm festoons, the cliffs become changed in material, first into thin-bedded blue limestone, and then into dark slates and shales, which partly sadden, partly enrich, with their cultivable ruin, all the lower hill-sides henceforward

to the very gate of Chamouni. A mile or two beyond the Nant d'Arpenaz, the road ascends over a bank of their crumbling flakes, which the little stream, pendent like a white thread over the mid-cliff of the Aiguille de Varens, drifts down before it in summer rain, lightly as dead leaves. The old people's carriage dips into the trough of the dry bed, descends the gentle embankment on the other side, and turns into the courtyard of the inn under one of the thin arches, raised a foot or two above the gap in the wall, which give honourable distinction either to the greater vineyards or open courts, like this one, of hospitable houses. Stableyard, I should have said, not couriyard; no palatial pride of seclusion, like M. Dessein's, but a mere square of irregular stable,—not even coach-house, though with room for a carriage or two: but built only for shelter of the now unknown char-à-banc, a seat for three be-
two [illegible]irs of wheels, with a plank
footin[illegible] convenient step from the
[illegible]h side of the yard was
[illegible] of the inn, which stood

with its side to the road, its back to the neglected garden and incorrigible streamlet: a two-storied building of solid grey stone, with gabled roof and garrets; a central passage on the second floor giving access to the three or four bedrooms looking to back and front, and at the end to an open gallery over the road. The last room on the left, larger than the rest, and with a window opening on the gallery, used to be my father's and mother's; that next it, with one square window in the solid wall, looking into the yard, mine. Floors and partitions all of rough-sawn larch; the planks of the passage floor uncomfortably thin and bending, as if one might easily fall through; some pretence of papering, I think, in the old people's state room. A public room, about the size of my present study, say twelve paces by six within its cupboards, and usually full of flies, gave us the end of its table for meals, and was undisturbed through the day, except during the hour when the diligence dined.

217. I should have said that my square window looked *over*, rather than *into* the

yard, for one could scarcely see anything going on there, but by putting one's head out: the real and prevalent prospect was first into the leaves of the walnut tree in the corner; then of the mossy stable roofs behind them; then of the delicately tin-mailed and glittering spire of the village church; and beyond these, the creamy, curdling, overflowing seas of snow on the Mont Blanc de St. Gervais. The Aiguille de Bionnassay, the most graceful buttress ridge in all the Alps, and Mont Blanc himself, above the full fronts of the Aiguille and Dome du Gouté, followed further to the left. So much came into the field of that little four-feet-square casement.

If one had a mind for a stroll, in half a minute's turn to the left from the yard gate, one came to the aforesaid village church, the size of a couple of cottages, and one could lean, stooping, to look at it, on the deeply lichened stones of its low churchyard wall, which enclosed the cluster of iron crosses,—floretted with everlastings, or garlands of fresh flowers if it was just after Sunday,—on two sides; the cart-path to the upper

village branching off round it from the road to Chamouni. Fifty yards further, one came to the single-arched bridge by which the road to Sallenche, again dividing from that of Chamouni, crosses the Arve, clearing some sixty feet of strongly-rushing water with a leap of lovely elliptic curve; lovely, because here traced with the lightest possible substance of masonry, rising to its ridge without a pebble's weight to spare,* and then signed for sacred pontifical work by a cross high above the parapet, seen from as far as one can see the bridge itself.

218. Neither line, nor word, nor colour, has ever yet given rendering of the rich confusions of garden and cottage through which the winding paths ascend above the church; walled, not with any notion of guarding the ground, except from passing herds of cattle and goats, but chiefly to get the stones off the surface into narrowest compass, and, with the

* Of course, in modern levelled bridges, with any quantity of over-charged masonry, the opening for the stream is not essentially an arch, but a tunnel, and might for that matter be blown through the solid wall, instead of built to bear it.

easy principle of horticulture,—plant everything, and let what can, grow;—the undercrops of unkempt pease, potatoes, cabbage, hemp, and maize, content with what sun can get down to them through luxuriantly-branched apple and plum trees, and towering shade of walnuts, with trunks eight or ten feet in girth; a little space left to light the fronts of the cottages themselves, whose roof and balconies, the vines seem to think, have been constructed for their pleasure only, and climb, wreathe, and swing themselves about accordingly wherever they choose, tossing their young tendrils far up into the blue sky of spring, and festooning the balconies in autumn with Correggian fresco of purple, relieved against the pendent gold of the harvested maize.

The absolute seclusion and independence of this manner of rural life, totally without thought or forethought of any foreign help or parsimonious store, drinking its wine out of the cluster, and saving of the last year's harvest only seed for the next,—the serene laissez faire given to God and nature, with thanks for the good, and submission to the temporary evil of blight or flood, as due to sinful mortality;

and the persistence, through better or worse, in their fathers' ways, and use of their fathers' tools, and holding to their fathers' names and fields, faithfully as the trees to their roots, or the rocks to their wild flowers,—all this beside us for our Sunday walk, with the grey, inaccessible walls of the Tower of Arpenaz above, dim in their distant height, and all the morning air twice brighter for the glow of the cloudless glaciers, gave me deeper and more wonderful joy than all the careful beauty and disciplined rightness of the Bernese Oberland, or even the stately streets of my dearest cities of Italy.

219. Here is a little bit of diary, five years later, giving a detail or two of the opposite hillside above Sallenche.

'St. Martin's, 26th July, 1854. I was up by the millstream this evening, and climbed to the right of it, up among the sloping waves of grass. I never was so struck by their intense beauty,—the masses of walnut shading them with their broad, cool, clearly-formed leafage; the glossy grey stems of the cherry trees, as if bound round tight with satin, twining and writhing against the shadows:

the tall pollards of oak set here and there in the soft banks, as if to show their smoothness by contrast, yet themselves beautiful, rugged, and covered with deep brown and bright silver moss. Here and there a chestnut—sharp, and soft, and starry *; and always the steep banks, one above another, melting † into terraces of pure velvet, gilded with corn; here and there a black—jet-black—crag of slate breaking into a frown above them, and mouldering away down into the gloomy torrent bed, fringed on its opposite edge, a grisly cliff, with delicate birch and pine, rising against the snow light of Mont Blanc. And opposite always the mighty Varens lost in the cloud its ineffable walls of crag.'

220. The next following entry is worth keeping, as a sketch of the undisturbed Catholicism among these hills since the days of St. Bernard of Annecy, and Mont Velan.

'Sallenches, Sunday, 10th June (1849). The waitress here, a daughter of the landlord,

* I meant—the leaves themselves, sharp, the clustered nuts, soft, the arrangement of leaves, starry.

† 'Melting'—seeming to flow into the levels like lava; not cut sharp down to them.

asked me to-day whether Protestants all said grace before meat, observing me to do so. On this we got into conversation, out of which I have elicited some points worth remembering; to wit, that some of the men only go to confession once a year, and that some of them, to spare their memories, write their sins,—which, however, they cannot deliver on paper to the confessor, but must read them aloud. Louise appeared much horror-struck at the idea which such a procedure admits, of "losing one's sins;" and of their being found by some one who was not a confessor. She spoke with great pleasure of the Capucins who come sometimes; said they were such delightful confessors, and made "des morales superbes," and that they preached so well that everybody listened with all their might, so that you might tap them on the back and they would never turn round. Of the Jesuits she spoke with less affection, saying that in their great general confessions, which took several days, two or three commandments at a time, they would not allow a *single* sin to be committed by the persons coming to them in the meantime, or else they refused

them absolution—refusal which takes place sometimes for less cause. They had a poor old servant, who could only speak patois; the priest couldn't understand her, nor she him, so that he could not find out whether she knew her catechism. He refused absolution, and the poor old creature wept and raved about it, and was in a passion with all the world. She was afterwards burnt in the great fire here! I went to mass, to hear how they preached: the people orderly, and church perfectly full. The sermon by a fat stuttering curé, was from the "Receive not the grace of God in vain," *on the Sacraments.* "Two of these called Sacremens des Morts, because they are received by persons in a state of spiritual death; the five others called Sacramens des Vivants, *because they presume,* in those who receive them, a state of spiritual life. The three sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, and Orders, can only be received once; because they impress an indelible seal, and make men what they were not; and what, after they are once, they cannot unmake themselves. Baptism makes people children or subjects of God; Confirmation makes them

soldiers of God, or soldiers of His Kingdom; and Orders make them magistrates of the Kingdom. If you have received baptism, you are therefore an 'enfan de Dieu.'" What being an "enfan de Dieu" meant was not very clear; for the ineffaceability of baptism was illustrated by the instance of Julian the Apostate, who did all he could to efface it—"Mais la mort," said the preacher, growing eloquent, "le poursuivit jusqu'à"—(he stopped, for he did not know exactly where *to*)—"la tombe; et il est descendu aux enfers, portant cette marque, qui fera éternellement sa honte et sa confusion."'

221. I wonder at the lightness of these entries, now; but I was too actively, happily, and selfishly busy, to be thoughtful, except only in scholarly way; but I got one of the sharpest warnings of my life only a day after leaving papa and mamma at St. Martin's,—(cruel animal that I was!—to do geology in the Allée Blanche, and at Zermatt.) I got a chill by stopping, when I was hot, in the breeze of one of the ice streams, in ascending to the Col de Bon Homme; woke next morning in the châlet of Chapiù with acute sore

throat; crossed the Col de la Seigne scarcely able to sit my mule, and was put to bed by Couttet in a little room under the tiles at Courmayeur, where he nursed me as he did at Padua; gave me hot herb-tea, and got me on muleback again, and over the Col de Ferret, in a day or two; but there were some hours of those feverish nights which ought to have made my diaries more earnest afterwards. They go off, however, into mere geology and school divinity for a while, of which this bit, written the evening after crossing the Col de Ferret, is important as evidence of my beginning to recognise what James Forbes had proved of glacier flow:—

'The most magnificent piece of ruin I have yet seen in the Alps is that opposite the embouchure of the lower glacier of the Val de Ferret, near Courmayeur; the pines are small indeed, but they are hurled hither and thither, twisted and mingled in all conditions of form, and all phases of expiring life, with the chaos of massy rocks, which the glacier has gnashed down, or the opposite mountain hurled. And yet, farther on, at the

head of the valley, there is another, in its way as wonderful; less picturesque, but wilder still,—the remains of the eboulement of the Glacier de Triolet caused by the fall of an aiguille near the Petits Jorasses—the most phrenzied accumulation of moraines I have ever seen; not dropped one by one into a heap, and pushed forward by the ice plough-share, but evidently borne down by some mingled torrent of ice and rock and flood, with the swiftness of water and the weight of stone, and thrown along the mountain-side like pebbles from a stormy sea;—but the ruins of an Alp instead of the powder of a flint bed. The glacier torrent of Triolet is almost lost among them, but that below, coming just from the base of the Jorasses, is exquisite beyond description in the play of its currents, narrow eddies of white nevè round islands of rock—falling in upon each other in deep and eddying pools; flowing forth again in massy sheets of ice, feeding, not one glacier stream, but cascade above cascade, far into the mountain gulph.'

And so on, of divers matters, through four

undred and fifty pages; not all as good as
hat, but the core of what I had to learn and
each about gneiss and ice and clouds;—
George indefatigably carrying his little daguer-
reotype box up everywhere, and taking the
first image of the Matterhorn, as also of the
aiguilles of Chamouni, ever drawn by the
sun. A thing to be proud of still, though
he is now a justice of peace, somewhere in
Australia.

222. The following entries, in June, of
which the two last come in the midst of
busy and otherwise happy days, are all with
which I permit myself to trouble the reader
for this time.

'Chamouni, Sunday, June 17th. Quiet
south rain till twelve o'clock. I have been
abstracting the book of Revelation, (they say
the French are beaten again at Rome, and
another revolution in Paris); many signs
seem to multiply around us, and yet my un
belief yields no more than when all the horizo
was clear. I was especially struck with t
general appellation of the system of the wo
as the "Mystery of God," Chap. x. 7, c
pared with Hebrews xi. 6, which I read

morning in our usual course.* Theme enough for the day's thought.

Halfpast five. Pouring still, but I got out before dinner during a fine blink, which lasted just long enough to let me, by almost running, and leaping all the streams, reach the end of the pine wood next the source of the Arveron. There I had to turn to the left to the wooden bridge, when behold a sight new to me; an avalanche had evidently taken place from the (upper) glacier into the very bed of the great cataract, and the stream was as nearly choked as could be with balls and ellipsoids of ice, from the size of its common stones to that of a portmanteau, which were rolling down with it wildly, generally swinging out and in of the water as it waved; but when they came to

* Read the 5th, 6th, and 7th verses in succession:—"AND THE ANGEL WHICH I SAW STAND UPON THE SEA AND UPON THE EARTH LIFTED UP HIS HAND TO HEAVEN, AND SWARE BY HIM THAT LIVETH FOR EVER AND EVER, WHO CREATED HEAVEN, AND THE THINGS THAT THEREIN ARE, AND THE EARTH, AND THE THINGS THAT THEREIN ARE, AND THE SEA, AND THE THINGS WHICH ARE THEREIN, THAT THERE SHOULD BE TIME NO LONGER: BUT IN THE DAYS OF THE VOICE OF THE SEVENTH ANGEL, WHEN HE SHALL BEGIN TO SOUND, THE MYSTERY OF GOD SHOULD BE FINISHED, AS HE HATH DECLARED TO HIS SERVANTS THE PROPHETS."

the shallow parts, tumbled and tossed over one another, and then plunging back into the deep water like so many stranded porpoises, spinning as they went down, and showing their dark backs with wilder swings after their plunge,—white, as they emerged, black, owing to their clearness as seen in the water; the stream itself of a pale clay-colour, opaque, larger by one half than ever I saw it, and running, as I suppose, not less than ten miles an hour; the whole mass, water and ice, looking like some thick paste full of plums, or ill-made pine-apple ice, with quantities of fruit in it, and the whole looking like a solid body; for the nodules of ice hardly changed their relative position during the quarter of a minute they were severally in sight, going down in a mass, thundering and rumbling against the piles of the bridge. It made me giddy to look at it; and the more, because, on raising the eye, there was always the great cataract itself startling one, as if it had just begun and seeming to increase every instant, bounding and hurling itself hither and thither, as if it was striving to dash itself to pieces, not falling because it could not help it; and

behind there was a fearful storm coming up by the Breven, its grisly clouds warping up, as it seemed, against the river and cataract, with pillars of hail behind. I stayed till it began, and then crept back through the wood, running from one tree to another—there is really now a bit of blue sky over the Pavillon.*

223. June 18th. Evening, nine o'clock. I must not write much, it is past bed-time; went to source of Arveron with my father and mother and Miss Dowie,† never saw it so lovely; drew afterwards near the source, piny sketch, well begun. After tea walked up nearly to my beloved old place on the Breven, and saw a solemn sunset, yet not very bright; the granulated rosy crags of La Cote especially. Thank God for permitting me to sit on that slope once more thus strong in health and limb.

Chamouni, day 13th, Monday, June 25th. Up rather late this morning, and lost time before breakfast over camera-lucida; drove to Argentière with my mother, who enjoyed

* The green mountain at the base of the Aiguille du Gouté.

† Sybilla. See 'Fors,' Letter 90th, 'Lost Jewels,' p. 165.

her drive exceedingly; back at one o'clock to my usual place (Les Tines, till four); out after dinner, rambling about Breven with sketch-book in search of a view of Aiguille du Plan; didn't find one, but found some wild strawberries, which were a consolation. The day has been fine, with scattered clouds; in the evening a most curious case of floating cap cloud, *hooding* the Mont Blanc summit without touching it, like gossamer blown upwards from a field; an awning of slender threads waving like weeds in the blue sky, (as weeds in a brook current, I meant), 'and drawn out like floss silk as fine as snow. This cloud, that does not *touch* the snow, but hovers over it at a certain height following the convexity of the mountain, has always seemed most unaccountable to me.

224. Chamouni, day 14th, Tuesday, June 26th. Heavy, rounded, somewhat dirty clouds on the Pavillon (halfpast six); but summit bright and clear, and all very promising.

Get following books if possible—"Mémoires de la Société de Physique et d'Histoire Naturelle de Genève" (t. iv., p. 209), on the valley of Val Orsine, by M. Necker; "Actes

de la Société Helvétique des Sc. Nat.," 1837, p. 28, 1839, p. 47, on Nagelflue pebbles.

Evening. After one of the most heavenly walks I ever took in Chamouni among the woods of the Pèlerins, I come in to hear of my poor cousin Mary's death. How well I recollect sitting with her on the slopes of the Breven, and reasoning about the height of La Cote: she knows it now, better than I, and thinks it less.

Chamouni, day 15th, Wednesday, June 27th. One of the heavenly Alpine mornings, all alight: I have been trying to get some of the effect of sunrise on the Montanvert, and aerial quality of aiguilles,—in vain. Slanting rays now touch the turf by the châlet of Blaitière, as perhaps they touch poor Mary's grave.'

CHAPTER XII.

OTTERBURN.

225. In blaming myself, as often I have done, and may have occasion to do again, for my want of affection to other people, I must also express continually, as I think back about it, more and more wonder that ever anybody had any affection for *me*. I thought they might as well have got fond of a camera lucida, or an ivory foot-rule: all my faculty was merely in showing that such and such things were so; I was no orator, no actor, no painter but in a minute and generally invisible manner; and I couldn't bear being interrupted in anything I was about.

Nevertheless, some sensible grown up people *did* get to like me!—the best of them with a protective feeling that I wanted guidance no less than sympathy; and the higher religious souls, hoping to lead me to the golden gates.

226. I have no memory, and no notion, when I first *saw* Pauline, Lady Trevelyan; but she became at once a monitress-friend in whom I wholly trusted,—(not that I ever took her advice!)—and the happiness of her own life was certainly increased by my books and me. Sir Walter, being a thorough botanist, and interested in pure science generally, did not hunt, but was benevolently useful, as a landlord should be, in his county. I had no interests in county business at that time; but used to have happy agricultural or floral chats with Sir Walter, and entirely admired his unambitious, yet dignified stability of rural, and celestial, life, there amidst the Northumbrian winds.

Wallington is in the old Percy country, the broad descent of main valley leading down by Otterburn from the Cheviots. An ugly house enough it was; square set, and somewhat bare walled, looking down a slope of rough wide field to a burn, the Wansbeck, neither bright nor rapid, but with a ledge or two of sandstone to drip over, or lean against in pools; bits of crag in the distance, worth driving to, for sight of the sweeps of moor

round them, and breaths of breeze from Carter Fell.

There were no children of its own in Wallington, but Lady Trevelyan's little niece, Constance Hilliard, nine years old when I first saw her there, glittered about the place in an extremely quaint and witty way; and took to me a little, like her aunt. Afterwards her mother and she, in their little rectory home at Cowley (near Hillingdon), became important among my feminine friendships, and gave me, of such petting and teasing as women are good for, sometimes more than enough.

227. But the dearness of Wallington was founded, as years went on, more deeply in its having made known to me the best and truest friend of all my life; *best* for me, because he was of my father's race, and native town; *truest*, because he knew always how to help us both, and never made any mistakes in doing so—Dr. John Brown. He was staying at Wallington when I stopped there on my way to give my Edinburgh lectures; and we walked together, with little Connie, on the moors: it dawned on me, so, gradually, what manner of man he was.

This, the reader capable of learning at all —(there are few now who can understand a good Scotchman of the old classic breed)— had better learn, straightway, from the record he gave of his own father's life,* of which I must give here this one passage of his childhood. His father was a young pastor, crowned in perfectness of faithful service, together with his 'modest, calm, thrifty, reasonable, happy-hearted' wife, his student-love; this their son, five years old,—just at the age when I look back to the creation of the world, for *me*, in Friar's Crag, of Derwentwater; *my* mother, thrifty and reasonable also, meantime taking care that not more than two plums should be in my pie for dinner; my father, also thrifty and reasonable, triumphing in his travel at Whitehaven, a 'wanderer,' like the pedlar in the 'Excursion,' selling sherry instead of bobbins;—all of us as happy as cicadas (and a little more) Now hear Dr. John Brown:—

228. 'On the morning of the 28th May,

* Letter to Rev. John Cairns. Edmonston & Douglas, 1861.

1816, my eldest sister Janet and I were sleeping in the kitchen-bed with Tibbie Meek, our only servant. We were all three awakened by a cry of pain—sharp, insufferable, as if one were stung. Years after we two confided to each other, sitting by the burnside, that we thought that "great cry" which arose at midnight in Egypt must have been like it. We all knew whose voice it was, and, in our night-clothes, we ran into the passage, and into the little parlour to the left hand, in which was a closet-bed. We found my father standing before us, erect, his hands clenched in his black hair, his eyes full of misery and amazement, his face white as that of the dead. He frightened us. He saw this, or else his intense will had mastered his agony, for, taking his hands from his head, he said, slowly and gently, "Let us give thanks," and turned to a little sofa* in the room; there lay our mother, dead. She had long been ailing. I remember her sitting in a shawl,—an Indian

* 'This sofa, which was henceforward sacred in the house, he had always beside him. He used to tell us he set her down upon it when he brought her home to the manse.'

one with little dark green spots on a light ground,—and watching her growing pale with what I afterwards knew must have been strong pain. She had, being feverish, slipped out of bed, and "grandmother," her mother, seeing her "change come," had called my father, and they two saw her open her blue, kind, and true eyes, "comfortable" to us all "as the day"—I remember them better than those of any one I saw yesterday—and, with one faint look of recognition to him, close them till the time of the restitution of all things.'

He had a precious sister left to him; but his life, as the noblest Scottish lives are always, was thenceforward generously sad, —and endlessly pitiful.

229 No one has yet separated, in analyzing the mind of Scott, the pity from the pride; no one, in the mind of Carlyle, the pity from the anger.

Lest I should not be spared to write another 'Præterita,' I will give, in this place, a few words of Carlyle's, which throw more lovely light on his character than any he has written,—as, indeed, his instantly vivid words

always did; and it is a bitter blame and shame to me that I have not recorded those spoken to myself, often with trust and affection, always with kindness. But I find this piece, nearly word for word, in my diary of 25th October, 1874. He had been quoting the last words of Goethe, 'Open the window, let us have more light' (this about an hour before painless death, his eyes failing him).

I referred to the 'It grows dark, boys, you may go,' of the great master of the High School of Edinburgh.* On which Carlyle instantly opened into beautiful account of Adam's early life, his intense zeal and industry as a poor boy in a Highland cottage, lying flat on the hearth to learn his Latin grammar by the light of a peat fire. Carlyle's own memory is only of Adam's funeral, when he, Carlyle, was a boy of fourteen, making one of a crowd waiting near the gate of the High School, of which part of the old black building of the time of James I. was still standing—its

* It was *his* Latin grammar, the best ever composed, which my Camberwell tutor threw aside, as above told, for a 'Scotch thing.'

motto, 'Nisi Dominus, frustra,' everywhere. A half-holiday had been given, that the boys might see the coffin carried by,—only about five-and-twenty people in all, Carlyle thought —'big-bellied persons, sympathetic bailies, relieving each other in carrying the pall.' The boys collected in a group, as it passed within the railings, uttered a low 'Ah me! Ah dear!' or the like, half sigh or wail—'and he is gone from us then!'

'The sound of the boys' wail is in my ears yet,' said Carlyle.

230. His own first teacher in Latin, an old clergyman. He had indeed been sent first to a schoolmaster in his own village, 'the joyfullest little mortal, he believed, on earth,' learning his declensions out of an eighteenpenny book! giving his whole might and heart to understand. And the master could teach him nothing, merely involved him day by day in misery of non-understanding, the boy getting crushed and sick, till (his mother?) saw it, and then he was sent to this clergyman, 'a perfect sage, on the humblest scale.' Seventy pounds a year, his income at first entering into life; never more than a hundred.

Six daughters and two sons; the eldest sister, Margaret, 'a little bit lassie,'—then in a lower voice, 'the flower of all the flock to *me*.' Returning from her little visitations to the poor, dressed in her sober prettiest, 'the most amiable of possible objects.' Not beautiful in any notable way afterwards, but 'comely in the highest degree.' With dutiful sweetness, 'the right hand of her father.' Lived to be seven-and-twenty. 'The last time that I wept aloud in the world, I think was at her death.'

Riding down from Craigenputtock to Dumfries,—'a monstrous precipice of rocks on one hand of you, a merry brook on the other side. . . . In the night just before sunrise.'

He was riding down, he and his brother, to fetch away her body,—they having just heard of her death.

A surveyor (?), or some scientific and evidently superior kind of person, had been doing work which involved staying near, or in, her father's house, and they got engaged, and then he broke it off. 'They said that was the beginning of it.' The death had been

so sudden, and so unexpected, that Mary's mother, then a girl of twelve or thirteen, rushed out of the house and up to the cart,* shrieking, rather than crying, 'Where's Peggy?'

I could not make out, quite, how the two parts of the family were separated, so that his sister expected them to bring her back living, (or even well?) Carlyle was so much affected, and spoke so low, that I could not venture to press him on detail.

This master of his then, the father of Margaret, was entirely kind and wise in teaching him—a Scotch gentleman of old race and feeling, an Andrea Ferrara and some silver-mounted canes hanging in his study, last remnants of the old times.

231. We fell away upon Mill's essay on the substitution of patriotism for religion.

'Actually the most paltry rag of'—a chain of vituperative contempt too fast to note—'it has fallen to my lot to come in with. Among my acquaintance I have not seen a person talking of a thing he so little understood.' The point of his indignation was Mill's

* 'Rushed at the cart,' his words. Ending with his deep 'Heigh dear,' sigh 'Sunt lachrymæ rerum'

supposing that, if God did not make everybody 'happy,' it was because He had no sufficient power, 'was not enough supplied with the article.' Nothing makes Carlyle more contemptuous than this coveting of 'happiness.'

Perhaps we had better hear what Polissena and the nun of Florence ('Christ's Folk,' IV.) have to say about happiness, of *their* sort; and consider what every strong heart feels in the doing of any noble thing, and every good craftsman in making any beautiful one, before we despise any innocent person who looks for happiness in this world, as well as hereafter. But assuredly the strength of Scottish character has always been perfected by suffering; and the types of it given by Scott in Flora MacIvor, Edith Bellenden, Mary of Avenel, and Jeanie Deans,—to name only those which the reader will remember without effort,—are chiefly notable in the way they bear sorrow; as the whole tone of Scottish temper, ballad poetry, and music, which no other school has ever been able to imitate, has arisen out of the sad associations which, one by one, have gathered round every loveliest scene in the border land. Nor is there

anything among other beautiful nations to approach the dignity of a true Scotswoman's face, in the tried perfectness of her old age.

232. I have seen them beautiful in the same way earlier, when they had passed through trial; my own Joanie's face owes the calm of its radiance to days of no ordinary sorrow—even before she came, when my father had been laid to his rest under Croydon hills, to keep her faithful watch by my mother's side, while I was seeking selfish happiness far away in work which to-day has come to nought. What I have myself since owed to her,—life certainly, and more than life, for many and many a year,—was meant to have been told long since, had I been able to finish this book in the time I designed it. What Dr. John Brown became to me, is partly shown in the continual references to his sympathy in the letters of 'Hortus Inclusus'; but nothing could tell the loss to me in his death, nor the grief to how many greater souls than mine, that had been possessed in patience through his love.

I must give one piece more of his own letter, with the following fragment, written

in the earlier part of this year, and meant to have been carried on into some detail of the impressions received in my father's native Edinburgh, and on the northern coast, from Queen's Ferry round by Prestonpans to Dunbar and Berwick.

Dr. Brown goes on:—'A year ago, I found an elderly countrywoman, a widow, waiting for me. Rising up, she said, "D' ye mind me?" I looked at her, but could get nothing from her face; but the voice remained in my ear, as if coming from the "fields of sleep," and I said by a sort of instinct, "Tibbie Meek!" I had not seen her or heard her voice for more than forty years.'

233. The reader will please note the pure Scotch phrase 'D' ye mind me?' and compare Meg Merrilies' use of it. 'At length she guided them through the mazes of the wood to a little open glade of about a quarter of an acre, surrounded by trees and bushes, which made a wild and irregular* boundary. Even

* It might have been 'irregular,' in ground just cut up for building leases, in South Lambeth; wild, yet as regular as a disciplined army, had it been the pines of Uri. It *was* a 'waste of blossom,' a shade of weeping birches.

in winter, it was a sheltered and snugly sequestered spot; but when arrayed in the verdure of spring, the earth sending forth all its wild flowers; the shrubs spreading their waste of blossom around it, and the weeping birches, which towered over the underwood, drooping their long and leafy fibres to intercept the sun, it must have seemed a place for a youthful poet to study his earliest sonnet, or a pair of lovers to exchange their first mutual avowal of affection. Apparently it now awakened very different recollections. Bertram's brow, when he had looked round the spot, became gloomy and embarrassed. Meg, after muttering to herself, "This is the very spot," looked at him with a ghastly side glance,—"D'ye mind it?"

'"Yes," answered Bertram, "imperfectly I do"

'"Ay," pursued his guide, "on this very spot the man fell from his horse—I was behind that bourtree*-bush at the very moment. Now will I show you the further

* Elder, in modern Scotch; but in the Douglas glossary, *Bower*-bush.

track—*the last time ye travelled it, was in these arms.*"'

That was twenty years before, for Bertram's nurse; (compare Waverley's and Morton's;) Dr. Brown's Tibbie; my own father's Mause; my Anne; all women of the same stamp; my Saxon mother not altogether comprehending them; but when Dr. John Brown first saw my account of my mother and Anne in 'Fors,' *he* understood both of them, and wrote back to me of "those two blessed women," as he would have spoken of their angels, had he then been beside them, looking on another Face.

234. But my reason for quoting this piece of 'Guy Mannering' here is to explain to the reader who cares to know it, the difference between the Scotch 'mind' for 'remember,' and any other phrase of any other tongue, applied to the act of memory.

In order that you may, in the Scottish sense, 'mind' anything, first there must be something to 'mind'—and then, the 'mind' to mind it. In a thousand miles of iron railway, or railway train, there is nothing in one rod or bar to distinguish it from another. You can't 'mind' which sleeper is which.

Nor, on the other hand, if you drive from Chillon to Vevay, asleep, can you 'mind' the characteristics of the lake of Geneva. Meg could not have expected Bertram to 'mind' at what corner of a street in Manchester —or in what ditch of the Isle of Dogs—anything had past directly bearing on his own fate. She expected him to 'mind' only a beautiful scene, of perfect individual character, and she would not have expected him to 'mind' even that, had she not known he had persevering sense and memorial powers of very high order.

Now it is the peculiar character of Scottish as distinct from all other scenery on a small scale in north Europe, to have these distinctively 'mindable' features. One range of coteau by a French river is exactly like another; one turn of glen in the Black Forest is only the last turn re-turned; one sweep of Jura pasture and crag, the mere echo of the fields and crags of ten miles away But in the whole course of Tweed, Teviot, Gala, Tay, Forth, and Clyde, there is perhaps scarcely a bend of ravine, or nook of valley, which would not be recognisable by its inhabitants

from every other. And there is no other country in which the roots of memory are so entwined with the beauty of nature, instead of the pride of men; no other in which the song of 'Auld lang syne' could have been written,—or Lady Nairn's ballad of 'The Auld House.'

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235. I did not in last 'Præterita' enough explain the reason for my seeking homes on the crests of Alps, in my own special study of cloud and sky; but I have only known too late, within this last month, the absolutely literal truth of Turner's saying that the most beautiful skies in the world known to him were those of the Isle of Thanet.

In a former number of 'Præterita' I have told how my mother kept me quiet in a boy's illness by telling me to think of Dash, and Dover; and among the early drawings left for gift to Joanie are all those made—the first ever made from nature—at Sevenoaks, Tunbridge, Canterbury, and Dover. One of the poorest-nothings of these, a mere

scrawl in pen and ink, of cumulus cloud crossed by delicate horizontal bars on the horizon, is the first attempt I ever made to draw a sky,—fifty-five years ago. That same sky I saw again over the same sea horizon at sunset only five weeks ago. And three or four days of sunshine following, I saw, to my amazement, that the skies of Turner were still bright above the foulness of smoke-cloud or the flight of plague-cloud; and that the forms which, in the pure air of Kent and Picardy, the upper cirri were capable of assuming, undisturbed by tornado, unmingled with volcanic exhalation, and lifted out of the white crests of ever-renewed tidal waves, were infinite, lovely and marvellous beyond any that I had ever seen from moor or alp; while yet on the horizon, if left for as much as an hour undefiled by fuel of fire, there was the azure air I had known of old, alike in the lowland distance and on the Highland hills. What might the coasts of France and England have been now, if from the days of Bertha in Canterbury, and of Godefroy in Boulogne, the Christian faith had been held by both nations in peace, in

this pure air of heaven? What might the hills of Cheviot and the vale of Tweed have been now, if from the days of Cuthbert in Holy Isle, and of Edwin in Edinburgh, the Crosses of St. George and St. Andrew had been borne by brethren; and the fiery Percy and true Douglas laid down their lives only for their people?